

# MACLEANS'S



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Alexandre Trudeau explores the post-Saddam city

## SO WHAT NEXT, MIKE WEIR?

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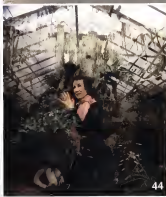
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18



44



24

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

## Cover Story

## WHAT NEXT?

Mike Weir's Masters victory was historic, and the champion insists there's more to come.

28



## Features

**18** **Wag** | The shift of the looting in the capital, and the impact of a major in the Republican Guard who says his country's troops never had a chance.

**24** **Politics** | No more separation anxiety: Quebecers elected a federalist premier. But will there be a union with Ottawa as Jean Charest pushes Quebec's agenda?

**40** **Q&A** | Dave Keirle: The head of Weir's says the federal government will be making 'traps' for it to take out for Canada.

**44** **Books** | Atwood's 'The Blind' is a new novel that explores a new future of environmental collapse and technological horror. But is it author Robert Sawyer's best yet?

**50** **Books** | Crisis and whiplash: The new book by David Shields & Robert Vladeck shows some fine handwork.

**56** **History** | The man who took the world's first 90-second, a century ago, for the first time to show the world.

**60** **Books** | The hockey newsmagazine: Ken McNeil built a publication that became the bible of its sport.

## Sections

- 6** Letters
- 9** The Week
- Health** The fight against SARS
- Scandal** A season of one man's
- Cartoon** Passages
- 63** Closing Notes
- Places** Review on the island
- Listings** Stop by the
- People** Morley's Michael Palin
- DVDs** Cinematic myth
- Music** With more Morrison
- Best-sellers** list

## Columns

- 4** The Editor's Letter
- 14** Mansbridge on the Record
- 42** Donald Cross
- 62** Over to You
- 68** The Back Page



Maclean's established 1962 is published weekly except for two issues combined, intended to provide news, information and analysis to Canadians by Rogers Publishing. 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2136-2137, 2138-2139, 2140-2141, 2142-2143, 2144-2145, 2146-2147, 2148-2149, 2150-2151, 2152-2153, 2154-2155, 2156-2157, 2158-2159, 2160-2161, 2162-2163, 2164-2165, 2166-2167, 2168-2169, 2170-2171, 2172-2173, 2174-2175, 2176-2177, 2178-2179, 2180-2181, 2182-2183, 2184-2185, 2186-2187, 2188-2189, 2190-2191, 2192-2193, 2194-2195, 2196-2197, 2198-2199, 2200-2201, 2202-2203, 2204-2205, 2206-2207, 2208-2209, 2210-2211, 2212-2213, 2214-2215, 2216-2217, 2218-2219, 2220-2221, 2222-2223, 2224-2225, 2226-2227, 2228-2229, 2230-2231, 2232-2233, 2234-2235, 2236-2237, 2238-2239, 2240-2241, 2242-2243, 2244-2245, 2246-2247, 2248-2249, 2250-2251, 2252-2253, 2254-2255, 2256-2257, 2258-2259, 2260-2261, 2262-2263, 2264-2265, 2266-2267, 2268-2269, 2270-2271, 2272-2273, 2274-2275, 2276-2277, 2278-2279, 2280-2281, 2282-2283, 2284-2285, 2286-2287, 2288-2289, 2290-2291, 2292-2293, 2294-2295, 2296-2297, 2298-2299, 2300-2301, 2302-2303, 2304-2305, 2306-2307, 2308-2309, 2310-2311, 2312-2313, 2314-2315, 2316-2317, 2318-2319, 2320-2321, 2322-2323, 2324-2325, 2326-2327, 2328-2329, 2330-2331, 2332-2333, 2334-2335, 2336-2337, 2338-2339, 2340-2341, 2342-2343, 2344-2345, 2346-2347, 2348-2349, 2350-2351, 2352-2353, 2354-2355, 2356-2357, 2358-2359, 2360-2361, 2362-2363, 2364-2365, 2366-2367, 2368-2369, 2370-2371, 2372-2373, 2374-2375, 2376-2377, 2378-2379, 2380-2381, 2382-2383, 2384-2385, 2386-2387, 2388-2389, 2390-2391, 2392-2393, 2394-2395, 2396-2397, 2398-2399, 2400-2401, 2402-2403, 2404-2405, 2406-2407, 2408-2409, 2410-2411, 2412-2413, 2414-2415, 2416-2417, 2418-2419, 2420-2421, 2422-2423, 2424-2425, 2426-2427, 2428-2429, 2430-2431, 2432-2433, 2434-2435, 2436-2437, 2438-2439, 2440-2441, 2442-2443, 2444-2445, 2446-2447, 2448-2449, 2450-2451, 2452-2453, 2454-2455, 2456-2457, 2458-2459, 2460-2461, 2462-2463, 2464-2465, 2466-2467, 2468-2469, 2470-2471, 2472-2473, 2474-2475, 2476-2477, 2478-2479, 2480-2481, 2482-2483, 2484-2485, 2486-2487, 2488-2489, 2490-2491, 2492-2493, 2494-2495, 2496-2497, 2498-2499, 2500-2501, 2502-2503, 2504-2505, 2506-2507, 2508-2509, 2510-2511, 2512-2513, 2514-2515, 2516-2517, 2518-2519, 2520-2521, 2522-2523, 2524-2525, 2526-2527, 2528-2529, 2530-2531, 2532-2533, 2534-2535, 2536-2537, 2538-2539, 2540-2541, 2542-2543, 2544-2545, 2546-2547, 2548-2549, 2550-2551, 2552-2553, 2554-2555, 2556-2557, 2558-2559, 2560-2561, 2562-2563, 2564-2565, 2566-2567, 2568-2569, 2570-2571, 2572-2573, 2574-2575, 2576-2577, 2578-2579, 2580-2581, 2582-2583, 2584-2585, 2586-2587, 2588-2589, 2590-2591, 2592-2593, 2594-2595, 2596-2597, 2598-2599, 2600-2601, 2602-2603, 2604-2605, 2606-2607, 2608-2609, 2610-2611, 2612-2613, 2614-2615, 2616-2617, 2618-2619, 2620-2621, 2622-2623, 2624-2625, 2626-2627, 2628-2629, 2630-2631, 2632-2633, 2634-2635, 2636-2637, 2638-2639, 2640-2641, 2642-2643, 2644-2645, 2646-2647, 2648-2649, 2650-2651, 2652-2653, 2654-2655, 2656-2657, 2658-2659, 2660-2661, 2662-2663, 2664-2665, 2666-2667, 2668-2669, 2670-2671, 2672-2673, 2674-2675, 2676-2677, 2678-2679, 2680-2681, 2682-2683, 2684-2685, 2686-2687, 2688-2689, 2690-2691, 2692-2693, 2694-2695, 2696-2697, 2698-2699, 2700-2701, 2702-2703, 2704-2705, 2706-2707, 2708-2709, 2710-2711, 2712-2713, 2714-2715, 2716-2717, 2718-2719, 2720-2721, 2722-2723, 2724-2725, 2726-2727, 2728-2729, 2730-2731, 2732-2733, 2734-2735, 2736-2737, 2738-2739, 2740-2741, 2742-2743, 2744-2745, 2746-2747, 2748-2749, 2750-2751, 2752-2753, 2754-2755, 2756-2757, 2758-2759, 2760-2761, 2762-2763, 2764-2765, 2766-2767, 2768-2769, 2770-2771, 2772-2773, 2774-2775, 2776-2777, 2778-2779, 2780-2781, 2782-2783, 2784-2785, 2786-2787, 2788-2789, 2790-2791, 2792-2793, 2794-2795, 2796-2797, 2798-2799, 2800-2801, 2802-2803, 2804-2805, 2806-2807, 2808-2809, 2810-2811, 2812-2813, 2814-2815, 2816-2817, 2818-2819, 2820-2821, 2822-2823, 2824-2825, 2826-2827, 2828-2829, 2830-2831, 2832-2833, 2834-2835, 2836-2837, 2838-2839, 2840-2841, 2842-2843, 2844-2845, 2846-2847, 2848-2849, 2850-2851, 2852-2853, 2854-2855, 2856-2857, 2858-2859, 2860-2861, 2862-2863, 2864-2865, 2866-2867, 2868-2869, 2870-2871, 2872-2873, 2874-2875, 2876-2877, 2878-2879, 2880-2881, 2882-2883, 2884-2885, 2886-2887, 2888-2889, 2890-2891, 2892-2893, 2894-2895, 2896-2897, 2898-2899, 2900-2901, 2902-2903, 2904-2905, 2906-2907, 2908-2909, 2910-2911, 2912-2913, 2914-2915, 2916-2917, 2918-2919, 2920-2921, 2922-2923, 2924-2925, 2926-2927, 2928-2929, 2930-2931, 2932-2933, 2934-2935, 2936-2937, 2938-2939, 2940-2941, 2942-2943, 2944-2945, 2946-2947, 2948-2949, 2950-2951, 2952-2953, 2954-2955, 2956-2957, 2958-2959, 2960-2961, 2962-2963, 2964-2965, 2966-2967, 2968-2969, 2970-2971, 2972-2973, 2974-2975, 2976-2977, 2978-2979, 2980-2981, 2982-2983, 2984-2985, 2986-2987, 2988-2989, 2990-2991, 2992-2993, 2994-2995, 2996-2997, 2998-2999, 3000-3001, 3002-3003, 3004-3005, 3006-3007, 3008-3009, 3010-3011, 3012-3013, 3014-3015, 3016-3017, 3018-3019, 3020-3021, 3022-3023, 3024-3025, 3026-3027, 3028-3029, 3030-3031, 3032-3033, 3034-3035, 3036-3037, 3038-3039, 3040-3041, 3042-3043, 3044-3045, 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3228-3229, 3230-3231, 3232-3233, 3234-3235, 3236-3237, 3238-3239, 3240-3241, 3242-3243, 3244-3245, 3246-3247, 3248-3249, 3250-3251, 3252-3253, 3254-3255, 3256-3257, 3258-3259, 3260-3261, 3262-3263, 3264-3265, 3266-3267, 3268-3269, 3270-3271, 3272-3273, 3274-3275, 3276-3277, 3278-3279, 3280-3281, 3282-3283, 3284-3285, 3286-3287, 3288-3289, 3290-3291, 3292-3293, 3294-3295, 3296-3297, 3298-3299, 3300-3301, 3302-3303, 3304-3305, 3306-3307, 3308-3309, 3310-3311, 3312-3313, 3314-3315, 3316-3317, 3318-3319, 3320-3321, 3322-3323, 3324-3325, 3326-3327, 3328-3329, 3330-3331, 3332-3333, 3334-3335, 3336-3337, 3338-3339, 3340-3341, 3342-3343, 3344-3345, 3346-3347, 3348-3349, 3350-3351, 3352-3353, 3354-3355, 3356-3357, 3358-3359, 3360-3361,



## WINNING THE RIGHT WAY

Like the good Canadian he is, Mike Weir golfs gracefully—and wins graciously

**DURING** the couple of days of nice weather last week that, here in Toronto at least, may have constituted our entire spring, several news items appeared that seemed equally designed to lift the soul. One was the freeing of seven American POWs in Iraq; no matter what your position on the war, you surely shared the euphoric relief that they and their families felt. Another—for federalists—was the defeat of Bernard Landry and election of Jean Charest in Quebec. Despite a mean dignified performance in the election campaign, Landry has spent too much time over the years trash-talking the rest of Canada. You get what you give, so few people outside of Quebec will resent him. As for Charest, some people around Ottawa—who inevitably find a dark cloud inside any silver lining—say that having a federalist premier in Quebec will, in the long run, be bad for federalism. I doubt that—and for now, many people, including voters here, will enjoy a couple from Quebec-Ottawa heckling and name-calling.

Then, there's Mike Weir. As I can attest, you don't need to be much of a golf fan in order to want to hop on the bandwagon after his Masters win—the first ever by a Canadian—a couple of weeks ago. People who know Weir make a point of saying that he's a decent, grounded guy whose virtues seem unlikely to change even as his life is transformed by his success. In that, Weir belongs to a distinguished line of Canadian athletic legends who are also great role models—people like Tim Lincecum, Nancy Greene Blair, Wynne Gwezdoy and Carleton Ray May Dean. Weir is also like Gwezdoy in the sense that, away from his work venue, his athleticism isn't immediately apparent. In a of average height and seems of average build, though his greatness should be probably wouldn't lose many men's words.

In fact, a key contributor to Weir's success—he was clearly the third-biggest money-winner on the PGA Tour this year even before this victory—comes from his intense focus. Peter Mansbridge remarked on that



Deacon: Weir won't be answered by Tiger

quality in his column on Weir the week before the Masters. And James Deacon, who wrote the main story in this week's cover package, says Weir's mastery is evident, in an appealing way, in the single-minded attention he exhibits when meeting people. Deacon, who first met Weir seven years ago, sat down with him last week following his Masters victory to talk about the changes this will inevitably make to Weir's life.

With good news in as short supply as sunshine, Weir's win was a tonic for Canadians. That said, I dislike the suggestion—one I heard several times—that with U.S.-Canada relations at low ebb, Weir's victory had some special sort of political significance. Sure, it's now considered acceptable to acknowledge feelings along the lines of the German word *schadenfreude*, which means, in effect, that it's not enough to simply succeed—you must also enjoy the misadventures of others. There's no crime for that, here it's enough that a nice Canadian guy (who now lives in Utah), with good values and a great golf game, made us all feel better for a little while. And now, back to SARS, fear of West Nile, global unrest, bad weather, and other less-enticing parts of real life.

*Anthony Wilson-Smith*

[awilson@toronto.com](mailto:awilson@toronto.com) is co-moderator of The Editor's Letter

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"If SARS reveals anything, it is the hysterical nature of our society, fanned by the need of 24-hour cable news to make everything a crisis." —PAUL GILBERT, Rogers Tele. Cdn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: [themail@maclean.ca](mailto:themail@maclean.ca)

#### On guard against SARS

I am a Canadian living in China's hot spot for severe acute respiratory syndrome (SARS). I am not living in fear of the disease, but I am trying to educate myself about it. I was shocked to read that two-thirds of Canadians polled think that people coming from SARS hot spots should be quarantined ("SARS: Is this your best defence?" Cover, April 14). Between Hong Kong and the province of Guangdong there are tens of millions of people, and fewer than 125 have died. This is very different from the disease that must be taken seriously, but we also need to put these into perspective.

Brenda Hugganville, Georgetown, Guangdong, China

Warren Kinsella, the chief spin doctor and all-round attack dog for the Liberal party, is concerned about racism directed at the Chinese community ("The main face of SARS," The Back Page, April 14). It is clear that the primary concern of Chinese Canadian businessmen are members of the Chinese community themselves, and it is they who are staying away. The failure of the federal government to act decisively to stop the spread of SARS arriving in Canada through our airports needs to be corrected. The Liberals are terrified to take any action that might be mistakenly construed as being directed at any group.

Ray Shaver, Whangarei, N.Z.

A recent companion to the SARS outbreak? A test of Canadian values? Give us a break! I've seen the first jilted neo-Nazis on the Web site Warren Kinsella quoted as grateful for the attention. My guess is that he also contacted his colleague, Liberal MP Hedy's, cousin burning in Prison George as we speak? Fry.

Jack Kelly, Victoria

While I appreciate Warren Kinsella's heart-felt concerns about SARS, I was bothered by his article. Granted, politicians don't recognize race or creed. However they do recognize poverty, overcrowding and a lack of



a good public health infrastructure. Neither Nature nor race discriminate when it comes to real diseases and, given the right conditions, may render us all vulnerable, but she sure is politically incorrect while she sets the spread of the disease in motion. In the face of a contagious and possibly airborne disease, to accuse the public of being mean as a cheap shot when all people want to do is protect their families from getting sick.

Dr. Maria Hugi, Vancouver

THE SWIFT PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN IRAQ HAS DONE NOTHING TO DIMINISH DIVISIONS among our readers. Noting the widespread looting, the theft of priceless artifacts of a 5,000-year-old culture and the collapse of civil order, Jim Emery writes from Toronto: "Congratulations, Dubya! You've turned Iraq into... Somalia!" John Steinberg, who calls himself "a half Canadian and half American," says he has spent much time in both countries, defending each against pesky stereotyping. "Canada should be helping to free Iraq," he writes from Brandon, Man. "Not because the U.S., Britain, or anyone else thinks it should, but because as a nation of moral and free women brings it is the right thing to do."

#### Masterful anticipation

What a timely piece by Peter Mansbridge in your April 14 issue ("That masterful Blair," Mansbridge on the Record). His comments proved to be an uncanny prediction as Mike Peor continued his record this year and won the Masters. Do you think Peor could do a similar stroke just before next year's Stanley Cup playoffs — for the Montreal Canadiens?

Ken Whitfield, Dartmouth, N.S.

#### Winnipeg, c'est flivver

As a former Winnipegger who now lives and works in Edmonton, Alta., I am a proud product of Winnipeg. I still love my blue Bonobos, still miss my jet, and still believe there is no finer place to spend the summer months than in Winnipeg, at the Forks, the parks and the patio, or the lakes and beaches and summer festivals (jazz, mosquitoes and all). But, when people ask me if I miss Winnipeg, my answer is invariably, "Yes, but not in the wintertime." Well, thanks to Jim Chelley for the reminder that, even in these cold and sometimes cruel winters, there are visions of beauty in my hometown. ("What the season said," On to You, April 14). And I finally believe that it is because of Winnipeg's harsh winters that "penguins go out of their way to make summertime incredible."

Georg Mills, Cochrane, Alta.

#### Answering back

I have not always agreed with the opinions Barbara Anand expressed, but I admired her clarity of thought and ability to translate it to the written word. So her latest column came as a ruse, if enlightening, experience ("Answering my critics," April 14). I was surprised and, perhaps naively, disappointed that she would ridicule those who had welcomed her the privilege of reading and responding to her work. I expect her right to express her opinions, and cherish the fact that I live in a society where they can be freely expressed. But I felt ashamed by proxy men reading her columns today, as though I had been caught reading rabid trash.

Dr. Wendy MacQueen, Hamilton

To the surprise of the world's so-called press machines, Barbara Anand's predictions were correct, though the U.S. will now be blamed for not bringing instant law order.



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## #EMAIL

health care and economic prosperity to the  
liberated Iraqi people. The war is not yet over  
and the media will cling to any negatives they  
can find.

Don Burns, *Monticello, Ont.*

### Trumpeting and hoisting

The great Lebanese poet (Khalil Gibran once  
wrote that he passed the nation that "will  
come as new ruler with trumpeting, and  
freedom from with hoisting." As an Iraqi  
celebrated the fall of Saddam ("After Bagdad")  
The Iraq Conflict, April 14), I, too, felt  
relieved that one of the world's tyrants is now  
gone, and we all watched the U.S. destroying  
the same dictatorship regime it had spent  
so much time and money creating. "Our  
armies do not come into your cities and  
lands as conquerors or enemies, but as liber-  
ators." No, this is not George Bush after  
the fall of Baghdad; it is what British Gen.  
Stanley Maude said in 1917 after invading  
Baghdad. On capturing the city, Maude  
promised that Britain intended to ensure  
Iraq control of its own affairs. But after  
"liberating" the Iraqi people, the British  
remained in Iraq for more than 40 years,  
probably to make sure it was really "liber-  
ated." The occupation eventually ended,  
and the July 14, 1958, revolution brought  
cheering crowds of Iraqis into the streets of  
Baghdad. Iraqis welcomed U.S. forces with  
trumpeting. I am sure it will take much less  
than 40 years for those same Iraqis to dis-  
miss them with hoisting.

Amro Karam, *Ottawa*

I think it's slightly premature to be writing  
articles subtitled, "There was never any  
doubt about who would eventually win Gulf  
War II," as a Canadian, never thought of  
this war as, "who is going to win this one?"  
Frankly, none of us realize that even though  
we are not involved in this war against ter-  
rorism now, we are always involved in the  
end. Who do you think is scheduled to enter  
Afghanistan this summer? Canadian Forces  
Why? To clean up after our southern neigh-  
bours? Where will Canadians be next? Iraq,  
of course.

Michelle James, *Huntsville, Ont.*

To all the people who said there would be  
millions of deaths in Iraq, that the Ameri-  
can aggression was going to result in  
millions of Iraqi deaths, or that this was  
going to be a long war or even the start of



Iraqi men lining up to be searched at a checkpoint near Najaf, south of Baghdad

the Third World War—you were wrong.  
Please go back to hugging trees or promote  
the WTO or whatever the cause of the  
day may be.

S. A. Burns, *Chatham, N.C.*

After reading your recent coverage of the war  
in Iraq, I occurred to me the fewer Iraqis  
aware of information is alive and well  
and working for your magazine.

Jessie M. Mee, *Peapack, N.J.*

As a Canadian subscriber currently living  
in Australia, I marvel at just how off base  
some of your articles on the progress of the  
war in Iraq have turned out to be. Recent  
events in Iraq have provided clear validation  
for the coalition, and the Australian  
public is proud of the performance of its  
armed forces, despite some initial opposi-  
tion to the war. I was not surprised at Jean  
Chretien's stance—to do nothing if possible  
was always his way. His standing tall in  
company with the leadership provided by  
Australia's John Howard, an astute, fati-  
gued man with a sure political touch, and  
with the courage of his convictions.

Darold J. Talbot, *Adelaide, Australia*

Who proves one thing—it benefits those who  
are good at it.

Kelly Murray, *Montreal*

My biggest concern is the future of most  
Canadians to grasp the significance of the U.S.

action as a nail in the coffin of the old world  
order. The post-Second World War world  
order was built around the balance between  
U.S. and Soviet camps. The new world order  
is based on the U.S. being the world's domi-  
nant superpower. Canada, clinging to the  
name and mislaid belief that the UN  
should be the ultimate and only arbiter of  
international affairs, risks losing influence in  
the new world order. Like all good friends,  
we should be honest and first right with the  
United States, but you can hardly count her  
up behind the start of the UN in taking  
an independent stand. Politically expedient,  
yes, independent, no.

Leif Erickson, *Andover, Mass.*

### Chretien on Iraq

Adam Zimmerman may, as your editors  
claim, be "one of Canada's most distinguished  
business figures," but his response to Allen  
Geddy's March 14 essay is any indication of  
the clarity of his thinking. I'd say Norval  
Finnis Inc. is lucky to still be in business  
("Why the PM is right," The Iraq Conflict,  
April 14). Mr. Zimmerman writes that Prime  
Minister Jean Chretien's decision on Iraq  
"was a missed, popular move which showed  
Canada as its own self." Come again? To  
which of Mr. Chretien's innumerable and  
unpopular pronouncements on Iraq is  
Mr. Zimmerman referring? Whenever he  
speaks, he surely can't be suggesting that  
Canadians as a whole agree with the PM's  
dog-bell antics. Most Canadians are in

uncomfortable, if not positively embarrassed, by our government's lack of support for what the French President Jacques Chirac and his francophone friends like to refer to as the "Anglo-Saxon Coalition."

I just can't believe at 1, an old semi-hippie, finding myself in bed with a 76-year-old first-captain, and discovering he will live

what it takes. Adam Zimmetman crystal ball-writer/believer about Canada, Christen, our place in the world. Who would have thought that Christen's opportunity to leave Canada a lasting legacy, one that befits his reign as a cunning leader, good at manipulative diplomacy and sly lawyering, would drop out of the sky in the waning days of his sojourn in Ottawa. I am not sure I am ready to embrace Liberalism and liberal can-

Italian yet, but I sure am comfortable in  
Chelton's Canada.

Rosemary Kaplan, Davis, N.C.

Send message

Daniel Lanois's *John Louie*, for one, was the most important song on the beautiful *Akustic* tape. As indicated in "Steel-manning for anyonegals!" (Music, April 14), "ping ponged" between English and French in a manner that should be replicated throughout the emerging Canadian reality. When we no longer hear the words but rather the life music of *John Louie*, we will have truly arrived. Unfortunately, Daniel Lanois had to find his artistic voice in New Orleans, not in New Canada or New Brunswick. Who would have thought that he could rediscover his soul in "Tapestry of all places?"

Neil Robinson, County Board Official

## Acidhan spirit

Find it unfortunate that it is argued that the "speaking" language which in many parts of the province sounds little different from the speech of France and Italy, "when does this Acadia become 'Acadian'?" ("Review of *Acadian Studies*", *Acadia*, March 2001). You give Acadia, the French island of Monrovia, as the criterion, due to an English misnomer. However, if you were to make it clear, speakers you would discover that they too, identify themselves as Acadia (in). Their shared lineage with the French speaking from the north of the province that proves their acadiaité! The southeastern region of New Brunswick is rich in Acadia culture and, although the English presence historically allowed for a stronger economy, Monrovia had no resources to promote and defend the Acadia identity. I suspect Monrovia francophones, be they Acadian speakers or not, are Acadia. Culture should not be defined by migration, but rather by evolution.

Christina Koppa, Editor

I was lucky to spend six weeks on a French exchange in the Acadian community of Miramichi River, N.B. Before that, I didn't know what an Acadian was. But they were the most amazing and eye opening six weeks of my life. I was welcomed into a family, I learned about a new culture, a language and some great music and food! As long as Acadians like these exist, their culture will not die.

Elizabeth Laursen, Minnesota State



KEEPING CANADA'S TIME FOR GENERATIONS

## THEWEEK



## ScoreCard

**Field Canada.** Doubled rate on her/his farmhand pays hammer loyal frequent flyers with lots for redemptive sample joints. Idea won't fly for many, but customers will — no doubt.

**A Mike Vitar:**  
First Cartuak and first  
left-handed-to-rite  
Madden golf journey  
Overcoming double  
taboo each excuse for  
alternatively swinging  
softcore duffers. And  
confirms America's  
tears about lefty  
Canadians.

**Alain Dumas**  
Federalism's little  
handed sage can't  
be accused of pecking  
too soon, unlike hat-  
tened rival Mario  
Dumas. Incoming  
Quebec premier has  
French apathy in new  
country—and the first  
time "Constitution"  
means M. D.

**WASH-Related**  
"Sneezing here, then  
cough, cough, feelin'  
feverish. Yeah, 32  
degrees, on the nose.  
And this dry cough?  
I want to come in,  
really do, but what if  
it's SARS? Sorry in 10  
days. You heard what?  
A flight announce-  
ment? Just the TV, or  
the radio."

**Waddlers double:** Jake makes the rounds says it all: "The good news, loyal look alike, is that Sander is dead. The bad news is it isn't yet over."

▼George W. Bush: Canada's not in Ottawa because he's, uh, really busy. America may drop out Syria, though, since it's in the Whitehouseyard.

**Health** | One step forward, two steps back in the fight against SARS

Even as researchers reported remarkable progress in identifying the source of SARS, the new respiratory disease that is shaking the world continued its relentless progress. In Ontario, the main centre of Canada's outbreak, authorities took the extraordinary measure of advising people with at least one symptom of the flu like disease to stay home from work or school. That also meant no faster weekend bus services or fast

The SARS virus spread to Montreal after a Toronto man who attended a business conference there checked into a hospital with SARS symptoms on his return home. Montreal health authorities contained 450 people who attended the conference—most from Montreal, but others from Toronto and upper New York state and New York City—to avoid them to quarantine themselves.

By last week, the World Health Organization was reporting 3,389 cases, and 134

deaths in 26 countries since the SARS outbreak spread beyond China in February. That translates into a death rate of 4.9 percent. But for reasons unknown, Canada's death rate—with 13 fatalities, all in the Toronto area, among 132 probable cases—is roughly double that. Canada's death toll was exceeded only in mainland China (16 acknowledged), Hong Kong (85) and Singapore (15).

But the war was good news: an unopposed demand for aggressive effort among scientists from the WHO and laboratories in 10 countries confirmed that SARS is caused by a variety of the coronavirus, associated with the common cold. And B.C.'s Genome Sciences Centre, with nucleotide sequencing round the clock, cracked the genomic sequence of the virus. Both breakthroughs were big steps in the search for a quick test to distinguish SARS from other respiratory ailments. They offered hope that the unraveling disease might spread far and devastated the hinged-up business might soon be under control.

Passengers from Hong Kong are not put on infrared fever-detecting cameras, installed at Singapore's Changi International airport to spot those with SARS-like symptoms.

**Quote of the week** | "Hypocrisy is a word that comes to mind here." Liberal MP LYNN MUIR on his party's fundraising request for a 'fast speed board gift' from the same corporations it seeks to largely ban from making such donations







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**ROGERS**

### THEWEEK

who tested positive for three **hunted skins** in the run-up to the 1988 Olympics in Seoul, where he went on to claim the gold in the 100-m sprint after Canada's Ben Johnson was disqualified for using steroids.

Socking **disgrace** of their own, a group of Canadian investors plans to revive, for the 2004-05 season, the World Hockey Association, the seven-year wonder that spawned Wayne Gretzky in the late 1970s.

**HOLLER UP** Italy is preparing extradition papers for **Nou Abbas**, **terrorist** mastermind of the race-fisted Palestinian Liberation Front, who was captured inside Baghdad by Amer-



ican forces. Abbas, 55, had eluded arrest since four followers hijacked the Achille Lauro cruise ship in October 1985, killing an elderly American passenger, Leon Klinghoffer.

Volbert van der Graaf, the animal rights activist who assassinated prominent anti-immigrant politician Pim Fortuyn just days before last year's election in the Netherlands, was sentenced to 18 years in prison.

### CANADA

**NORSE CROSSING** The U.S. is planning to **coerce** Canadian citizens, though not permanent residents who have yet to acquire citizenship, from soon-to-be **applied** border controls. U.S. Ambassador Paul Cellucci said,

Under the U.S.'s new anti-terrorist law, every person entering and leaving the country was to be registered.

An **innovative** Quebec history game, a cartoon-like treasure hunt that comes on a CD-ROM, has been **banned** in Connecticut because of fear it will appeal to young children. The CD-ROM game, in which participants can win up to \$15,000, came off 1,000 Quebec's most successful supports.

**HEALTH** The overall death rate from cancer has dropped noticeably—12 and three per cent for men and women respectively—over the past 15 years, according to new statistics from the Canadian Cancer Society. The rate for women would be much lower, except that female lung cancer deaths took up 30 per cent over that period, because of smoking.

An **Alberta** judge said the province's health care system is "under siege" and requires more hospital beds and much better coordination among providers. He was inquiring into the death, two years ago, of a 33-year-old man with stomach pains who waited a total of six hours in two separate Calgary emergency rooms without seeing a doctor, before finally leaving.

**JUSTICE** Determining health or changed employment circumstances are not reason enough to **reopen** divorce **settlements**, the Supreme Court of Canada said in ruling against an Ontario woman who was asking for spousal support a year after her divorce.

was finalized. Only **only** marginal circumstances or **unfairness** in drawing up a court divorce can break a contract, the court said.

**POLITICS** Ralph Klein raised the prospect of a provincial "theft" for Alberta's own tax, pension and police operations—mayors after discussing the idea out of hand.

Liberal leadership candidate John Manley selected Cabinet colleague Sheila Copps as not a **serious** contender for the job of prime minister. Copps replied that Manley is an "old boy" Federal Liberal fund-raiser, moreover, sent a letter asking **opposite** donors for a "no significant gift" even as their own government planned to slash by June its own government disbursements \$1,000.

Manley is refusing to prosecute gun owners who fail or decline to register their firearms with the federal registry. He said Ottawa can prosecute these complaints on its own if it chooses.

**DRUG BUST** The RCMP and U.S. drug enforcement officers arrested 65 people, including 30 executives from two Montreal-based chemical companies, for smuggling large quantities of pseudoephedrine, a key component of pseudoephedrine or pseudoephedrine in pseudoephedrine, into the U.S. One Ottawa area warehouse was considered one of the chemical to produce 300 million tablets.

**RATES** The Bank of Canada raised its key lending rate a quarter point, leaving the Canadian interest rate a half-two percentage points above its U.S. equivalent, the largest gap since 1995.

Ottawa may have to rethink the Canada Pension Plan because early retirement benefits are too generous and are creating a burden on those who work until 65, the country's chief actuary said in a report.

**RESORTS** Frustrated at losing top students from out of province because it couldn't guarantee them housing, Montreal's McGill University bought itself a 459-room hotel.

**DESTROYER** The HMCS Iniquity, the flagship of an international task force in the Persian Gulf (the same ship that lost its helicopter a month ago), **accidentally** fired a torpedo during a training exercise. The torpedo didn't arm and fell to the seabed. Investigators are trying to determine whether equipment or human error was to blame.

BY MICHAEL ON ADOER



ALL INFORMATION

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## Mansbridge on the Record



## THE D.C. CONNECTIONS

A key issue in the battle to succeed the PM is how to deal with George W. Bush

NOVEMBER 8, 1979, was one of those pleasant late fall days that Ottawans often delish—sunny and warm with a light breeze. American flags fluttered across the city every pole and store in the downtown area seemed to have one on display. President Jimmy Carter was coming to town the next day, and Prime Minister Joe Clark wanted everything to look spiffy. The city was to herald a new era in Canada-U.S. relations after the sometimes difficult Trudeau years on that front.

It was also to be a quiet year, but long enough for a glitzy state dinner, and Ottawa was abuzz with who was and wasn't on the guest list in the new Tory power structure of the capital. But the suddenly on the eve of his arrival, Carter cancelled his trip. The train he was to take was in its early days, and White House image-makers thought it would look tacky if Carter was seen waving and kissing out of the country while American diplomats on the other side of the world went blackballed and paraded before cameras. Everyone understood, and no one thought it meant relations were poisoned, as we learned later. Washington knew that Canadians were at that moment hating Americans in Tehran.

Which brings us to this year's cancelled presidential visit. Both sides say it doesn't mean much—but everyone knows it means a lot. Relations between Ottawa and Washington, especially between this prime minister and this president, are not good, so what to wonder how long this can go on, and at what cost. You also wonder whether that will become an issue as what has, so far, been a pretty boring Liberal leadership race.

As we saw in the lively debate among Maclean's literary writers that followed I. Jan Macdonald's pro-U.S. essay in this magazine last month, even feelings continue on both sides of the Canada-U.S. issue. Those differences have historically played out among Liberals more vigorously than in

other parties, where unity for or against a close relationship with our southern neighbor is the rule. Those close to the Paul Martin and John Manley camps say both men worry about the political and economic impact the Bush-Clinton pact could have: both are said to be working the phones trying to smooth things out, reminding Washington that change is coming early next year.

Martin's former main White House connection, ex-creary secretary Paul O'Neill, is gone, but Martin is still extremely well connected to the U.S. business community. Manley's main contact is homeland security point person Tom Ridge, but he is also close with Secretary of State Colin Powell. Sheila Copps is on the other side of the party on this one and likely isn't so concerned about upsetting the Americans—even though in her primary area of responsibility, culture, she had Canadian sentiment last week charging her with a pro-U.S. tilt in the way her department was doing out-funding for TV productions.

While no one dares want to publicly criticize Jean Chrétien's handling of the relationship with the U.S., that may not last. Washington has been sending increasingly strong signals that it's unhappy, and while a lot of Canadians—and a lot of Liberals—aren't bothered by that, others think there could be a serious price to be paid.

Looking back to 1979, it's worth remembering what happened five weeks after the Carter cancellation: The Clark government fell when it tried to push through its first budget. Who knows—maybe some Bush renovations have been flipping through history books, and think there's a connection between cancelled presidential visits and modern regime change in Ottawa. Maybe some Liberals think, too.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News, and Anchor of The Morning Show on CBC's radio network.

## Passages

**DIED** The father of Canadian basketball, Jack Donohue, was an excellent New York City player who moved to Canada in the 1970s to coach the national men's team and set a spark under generous young athletes. He was the league-serving head coach in professional or amateur sport in the country, making the team to the Olympics four times—placing fourth in the '76 and '84 Games.



Donohue, 70, died in Ottawa of cancer.

**DIED** In 1992, Dr. Robert Adams published *Diet Revolution*, which advocated eating meat and cheese and avoiding bread and rice. Adams, 72, died in New York after sustaining head injuries in a fall.

The American-born billionaire philanthropist Sir Paul Getty Jr. gave more than US\$300 million to cultural institutions and other causes in Britain after moving there in 1992. Getty, 76, died in a London hospital from a recurrent infection.

Goat's shipping magnate John Latta, whose 120 m yacht was used by Prince Charles with both Diana and later Camilla Parker-Bowles, used his name to US\$5-billion fortune to help those in need and give access to world leaders. No details were released about how Latta, 92, died.

**DIED** With one year left in his contract to coach the Toronto Raptors, Lonny Wilkerson was cut after a dismal 24-58 regular season—the worst in his 30-year career. The 65-year-old, who receives a US\$5-million payout, has the most wins and losses of any coach in NBA history.

**RETURNING** AGAIN After 15 years with the NBA, Michael Jordan called a quest for the third time. Jordan, 40, finished his career with the Washington Wizards, and with a whopping 32,292 points—leaving him third on the all-time list—behind Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Karl Malone.

**WENT** For the second consecutive year, the Canadian men's curling team, skipped by Edmonton's Randy Ferbey, won the gold at the World Championships. The event defied Switzerland 10-6 in nine ends at the Whistler Icehouse.



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## MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



### HAVE YOUR SAY

Communication is a two-way street. And Maclean's on-line Web Panel is the ideal vehicle for telling us what's on your mind.

We created the panel last year because we value your opinions. Our goal is to get to know you better and solicit input that would help to guide the content of future issues.

That invitation continues to draw a great response. More than 2,600 people have signed up, providing information on everything from their media habits and community involvement to their tech savvy and financial acumen.

Most recently, members were surveyed on subjects ranging from health care and investments to their travel and purchase plans. And when you spoke, we listened. Respondents told us that cancer is their leading health-care concern, followed by heart disease. Two recent issues of Maclean's have featured special cancer supplements, while an upcoming issue will carry a special supplement on heart and stroke.

We also learned that most readers are planning a vacation trip of two or more nights in the next 12 months, with Canada as the preferred destination. You can learn all about Canada's top holiday destinations in our travel issue in May.

In the next survey, panel members will be asked about their car ownership and purchase plans, along with the role that media, including daily newspapers, television, magazines and the Internet, play in their lives. We'll also be asking for input about the content of the macleans.ca Web site.

Thanks to all of our current members. Your participation is much appreciated. And to those of you who haven't yet signed up, please consider joining. Simply go to [www.macleans.ca](http://www.macleans.ca) and choose the link, "Join Maclean's Web Panel." By working together, we can shape Maclean's and macleans.ca to better reflect your interests and concerns.

For further information contact: [behindthescenes@macleans.ca](mailto:behindthescenes@macleans.ca)

"I can't help feeling that what we could see right now is a 'Canadian Friends Of Canada.' The case problem is not our relationship to America, but our relationship to ourselves and our history. It's not the Americans who've infringed our 'sovereignty.' It's the Liberal Party, with their systematic dismantling of Canada's place in the world." — Mark Steyn March 31, 2003

"There is no wrong place, no poor time, no forum that is inappropriate when it comes to free speech." — Christie Blatchford March 26, 2003

"Fiction and biography both tell us that assassins act from emotional as well as political motives, assassins shaping their crimes as much as ideology or the urges of their leaders and handlers." — Robert Fulford March 25, 2003



## COMMENTARY THAT RESONATES

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A looter picks through one of Saddam's once-opulent homes, while another monument burns

## THE THEFT OF BAGHDAD

Saddam was a thief, so in a way it's fitting his palaces were plundered, writes ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU

**IN MY OWN WAY** I took this of Saddam's tyrannical hold on this place. His network of secret police has disappeared and I'm no longer held, for my safety and that of my adopted family, to a precious spy like or sniper. Late one night, I decide to risk a witness of his new freedom, don a robe, and wander out into my neighborhood. Some men sitting in the shadows call out to me. My wandering greeting reveals that I'm not of this place; I explain that I'm off to visit my friend Jamal. Luckily, they know him. "He is Jamal's friend," one of them tells me in good English. "Well then, you are welcome.

Have tea with us." They are middle-aged, armed with a pistol and a Kalashnikov. "I am a filmmaker," I announce. "I know nothing about guns. But here I am sitting in front of my house protecting my family and my belongings. It's the time of thieves in Iraq. What can I do?"

I arrived in Baghdad on March 18 to make a documentary film about the U.S.-led invasion. As I step out to ask them an obvious, yet crucial, question: how does the deal with Saddam gone and the American army occupying the country? "I feel neither happy nor sad," he says. He repeats what he has al-

ready said: "Here I am, sitting with a gun in front of my house, protecting all that I have."

**SADDAM HAS FALLEN** The world watched a crowd of Iraqis topple a statue of the dictator in Baghdad. Many of these men, people, perhaps, and thousands more, were on a mission: looting spoils. Images of this have also been broadcast across the planet. But they don't come close to capturing the real spectacle here. The reason means a license to plunder, and the white flags of peace are paraded through the streets in the hands of thieves. I watch men poor into govern-

ment compounds, emerging with fans, chairs, cans of car parts, carpets, furniture, appliances, rubber, piping, wiring, rubbers, leather leashes. And yes, even kitchen sinks.

Schools, hospitals and mosques are robbed. Children strap small mountains of goods in their parents' cash off for more. The markets in full, black veils land a cover of office furniture, valued machines broken or sold to children digging away through bins filled with junk. In the heat of early morning, thick with the fumes of honking cars overloaded with booty, I see a rusty pickup truck go by loaded by two puny but

Ambian machines—black, glowering creatures prowling across the dusty pavement.

My friend Omar, with whom I am staying, and I drive through Baghdad as it all unfolds. One of Saddam's palaces, where once a mere glance over its massive walls would have gotten you arrested, appears before us. Its gates are wide open, and looters are streaming in. We enter under its great portico and proceed down the majestic tree-lined driveway. Omar and I are awed. But the palace itself is crawling with frenzied thieves, the squiggles denoting a morning carousal, and we quickly decide

that we've seen enough and drive away.

Saddam was a great thief, so in a way it's fitting that what's left of his regime is being plundered. But more people in Baghdad are disgusted, especially because the looting is often followed by the burning of looted buildings. At one point, while I'm filming the destruction of an office tower, a down-trodden man approaches Omar and pleads: "Ask your friend to stop filming. This is such a bad picture of Iraq. The world shouldn't see this." Another time, a neighbor comes to Omar's house, with the sole purpose of apologizing to me: "We are not all like this,"





American forces on patrol in Baghdad, bottom, have left to right a doctor in his shattered hospital, standing guard against looters, rubble that was once a home; U.S. troops.



he began to understand. "They are stealing from themselves. They burn the buildings they came from. Those are our jobs, our homes, going up in smoke."

As I walk through the streets with my camera, a bespectacled, polite young man comes up to me. "I need you to witness something," he says. "Please come with me." I follow him to the Saddam Cardiology Hospital, where he was a resident specialist. It has been looted and burned. "This was the very best that the Middle East had," he claims. "It took 10 years to build—we struggled to get the very best facilities despite

the economic sanctions." He stands in what he says was once an operating room. It is roofless and unrecognizable. "This place was my life," he says. I wonder whether the hospital's name might explain the looting. "We all hate Saddam," he answers. "His name was everywhere, but he has nothing to do with heart surgery. There are civil forces at work here—someone wants everything here to be destroyed."

**IT'S A SAO REALITY**, but a great many of the so-called thieves are the desperately poor people of Saddam City, known locally

as Thora. They are mostly Shia, and were victimized by Saddam and his largely Sunni regime. I must on warning them. We've been there before but Omar has never really liked going—now even less. But he finally acknowledges that it's important, and agrees to take me. On the main road to Thora, there are constant flows of pedestrians, cars and donkey carts, all crisscrossing with busy. There it, however, one building that will not be looted. At its gate, two American soldiers are manning a bunker. At their feet, a handwritten sign says Loiter. Late, while about there the guardhouse entrance has a huge in-

scription Ministry of Oil. I ask them how the campaign went. "First," one says, "that," the other adds. "But I'm disappointed that I never got to fire my weapons." A fat tattoo on his forearm reads, "Warrior."

Thora has become a disaster. As Omar and I head deeper into its streets we encounter numerous unofficial policemen. "This is not good," Omar says. "We drove, through checkpoints made of bricks and mud. We play it cool at yet another checkpoint, passing through while calmly muting to the guards. It doesn't work. Omar looks in the rearview mirror, sees one of the men raise

his weapons, then quickly throws his hands up as a signal of submission.

The men heads for me and growls something, "Canadian journalist?" Omar and I both appear. He opens the door and yanks me out. With a wave of his Kalashnikov, he motions toward a mud wall, then shoves me. I search his face for someone I can appeal to, but there is no one there. Omar stands by the car shouting a man's name: "Sayed Murtaba." He is an important religious figure in Thora—and a friend of Omar's. We have visited him a few times before. Another man arrives, he speaks English. I tell him we are on our way to visit Sayed Murtaba. He is a doctor. "You are Sayed Murtaba's friend?" Where does he live, then? "I don't know the address, but, eager to get out of this place, I try to help, saying I would be happy to show him. The English-speaker shyly says, "Of course, but first come with us."

He and the Kalashnikov man lead me deep into a dusty lane. Am I being taken away to be slaughtered? We arrive at a scene of devastation. Amid the mud shanties, there is a space filled with rubble. "This was his house," says the English-speaker, motioning to the gate. "This was his family. Three children are under there."

I turn to the gunman and say I'm sorry. He silently surveys the scene. "I used to be a teacher," the English-speaker tells me. "This makes no sense. Why bomb Thora?" I am taken to a house to drink tea with them. Sitting across from the gunman, I see that this broken man, still cradling his gun, has no shoes. He has been going barefoot on the mud-filled streets. "I am sorry that I was going to kill you," he finally tells me. "When I have a house again, you will come stay with me."

**SAYED MURTABA'S HOUSE** is a meeting place of sorts. Its many rooms with carpets and cushions, are now a lounge, a drinking bar. "Not so long ago, coming to my house would have gotten you arrested," Sayed tells me. "I myself spent six months in jail because of the support the night here." The grim, the man in the room, is also a local business owner, a small shopkeeper (Sayed Murtaba). He tells me about Thora. At home, he is the "revolution," and he says the area was established by the president of the first Iraqi republic to serve as a people from the country who were to be the backbone for Baghdad as a modernized city.

And in 1966, and for 40 years, Sayed says, Thora was forgotten. "We are now three million people," he says. "And for us, anything is better than Saddam." As we talk, a U.S. tank convoy rumbles down the street. We rush outside, where the men jump the tank, cheering on the Americans.

The Iraqis have decided that there is no looting. As a nearby mosque some looted goods are being returned. Outside of the building are a number of stolen buses and construction vehicles, made there decades of buses of medicine that were looted from a military hospital. There is also a person on the inside of the building. They proudly tell me he is a secretary from Lakhawo sent to fight the Shia who opposed Saddam, and that he was captured doing reconnaissance in Thora.

The man has been tortured—the bones in his hands, forearms, legs and torso are broken, and his face is so badly broken his features are indistinct. I learn that he was looted from Lakhawo, but a Shia himself. "Why would he attack his fellow Shia?" I was asked. He says, "I was paid \$600 a month to come here and fight." I then ask if he is a postcard model here, and he answers, "If God will it, I can't trust anyone whether he has a family, and he says he has two children. "Who will look after them if you die?" I ask.

"God will provide," he responds. "Do you really feel this way—ready to die?" I silence him. He gives me a sad, toothless smile. "No," he responds. "I'm a changed man."

The tortured Shia is not the only foreign fighter. "I've met. During one of the last battles in Baghdad, Omar and I made a run through the city. We came across a dead man, sprawled on a sidewalk. A man approached and told us, 'He's Lebanese. His name is Basim Abdul Husay. He went out into the street in front of an American tank with a rocket-propelled grenade. It misfired and he was killed. He is a martyr.'"

Even with the American controlling point of Baghdad, there are still pockets of these foreign fighters. In one area, they are the only force of law and order. Wearing if black headscarves of martyrs, they help direct traffic—much of it coming to be looted. When Omar's wife Miriam arrives, she angrily says, "Look—foreign Arabs are here to fight and die for Iraq, and Iraqis are smiling."

**THROUGH MIRIAM'S** relations I get a chance to talk to an officer of the infamous

Republican Guard. As soon as I arrive at his house, Maj. Wafiq gives me a cigarette. I learn later that he has been rationing cigarettes for weeks, and it was his last one. (Amir takes great pleasure in this kind of gesture—hungry, they will enjoy the leader to make a meal for a guest.)

Wafiq, who speaks very elegant if rusty French, has a sad dignity about him. "The plan," he tells me, "was to put up an heroic fight in the south, always retreating toward Baghdad, where we were to make our last stand. But they bombed us everywhere we went and by the time we arrived back in Baghdad there was nothing left of us. With our planes, armor or artillery of any significance, we never really had a chance." I ask him what he intends to do now. "My father is not in my hands," he says, "I saved my country as best I could."

Not far from Wafiq's house, a house has been obliterated by a bomb. The one next to it is barely standing. Khalid, the owner, welcomes me into his damaged house with gusto. With his family spewed about on couches that are in various states of disrepair, he is strangely cool-headed. In his daughter's bedroom, the outside wall is all but destroyed, the gaps revealing a field of debris outside. "It was like judgment day," he says. "That is Saddam's fault. He had this coming to him for years. But now that the Americans are here, I intend to use them for what they have done to my house and my family without justification. That's the American way, isn't it?"

**AT ONE POINT**, frustrated by the chaos, Omar and I go to the relative safety of the Red Cross offices, intending to have coffee with my new friend, Vazheh Amirani, an Armenian-Canadian from Montreal. I had him as a person to no regret. He always has time for people—all the more exceptional because, instead of being in the Red Cross, he has a demanding job delivering medical supplies to hospitals.

The hospitals have been the scene of gruesome suffering. Bloodied and injured and the dying—both civilians and soldiers. "Blood everywhere," Vazheh had told me. "Like a slaughterhouse." But even as war has devastated the city, he has continued to react upward, delivering water, medicine and supplies. He studied political science at the Université de Montréal, and later joined the militia in Montreal—an artillery regi-



#### RESTORING ORDER IN BAGHDAD WHILE WARNING SYRIA

The TV images broadcast by Abu Khali television showed a smiling Saddam Hussein wearing a black beret and olive uniform, with a thick golden chain around his neck, waving into adoring crowds. "Aggressors are always defeated," Saddam told in the accompanying address to the Iraqi people. "Your leadership is unshaken." The speech and video footage was retransmitted from April 5—the day U.S. forces moved into Baghdad. If Saddam, it would even an American bomb attack on April 7 aimed at killing the Iraqi president was unsuccessful, but even many of his supporters believed the tape protected the bombing, and that Saddam really was dead. To verify that, workers started to remove rubble from the site of the building where he was believed to be cowering with his leadership when it was hit.

At the same time, calm was slowly returning to Baghdad, where Iraqi police began working with U.S. troops to enforce order in a city devastated by widespread looting. The Na-

Many people cried along with the director (above) of the plundered National Museum.

tional Museum of Iraq was plundered by what authorities believe were professional thieves, and the FBI and intelligence are investigating its destruction of Iraq, meanwhile, gained momentum when European leaders meeting in Athens tentatively agreed to a plan that would see the UN play a role in the rebuilding effort.

But as the war slowed in Iraq, the Bush administration took aim at neighboring Syria, accusing it of possessing weapons of mass destruction and giving safe haven to some of Iraq's former leaders. Syria denied that it has chemical weapons, and in late 2003 of Washington at signing Israel, which is widely assumed to have nuclear weapons. But the U.S. is expected to keep up pressure on Damascus. And Secretary of State Colin Powell said he expects to soon travel to Syria as part of a "very vigorous diplomatic exchange."



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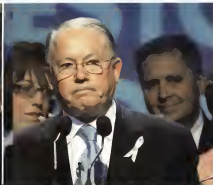


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GET BEHIND THE SHIELD





## NO MORE SEPARATION ANXIETY

But there will still be tension with Ottawa as Charest pushes Quebec's agenda

IT COST HIM five years of proving flesh to the bobbies, away from home and the camera, but Jean Charest was finally able to convince a majority of Quebec voters that he belongs—and is ready to govern the province. They gave him a clear mandate for change, but, in his victory speech in his home riding of Sherbrooke on April 14, Charest also said, in English, that change in Quebec will bring change in Canada too.

Funny, that. Nobody usually refers to Canada in a provincial campaign, especially when he doesn't vote to Bloor, the *Piquiss* being everything on "Ottawa," not Canada. Federalists try to avoid the C word, or, obviously refer to "Passez canadienne" if they can't. But Charest is something else.

When was the last time Quebecers elected a premier who knows Canada well, understands its intricacy, and speaks English like any other premier from Ontario or Alberta? Bernard Landry, Lucien Bouchard,

Robert Bourassa were, more than anything else, students of European traditions, and recipients of the French cultural heritage taught at their *collège classique*. Jacques Parizeau looked, thought and behaved like an Oxford lecher, while René Lévesque was fascinated by the Americans, their politics and their institutions—his English was Yankee slang, much more than *Wozzmann* proper.

Consequently, Quebec premiers have often been the odd men out in federal-provincial meetings—much like *l'île Québécoise* Lévesque Diageppe in the House of Commons today. Quebec premiers are, traditionally, the ones responding to the executive political pressures, pushing an unfamiliar agenda, making strange demands, in a language few around the table understood.

That is the basic image most Quebecers, and probably most Canadians as well, have

of the Quebec-Ottawa dynamic: the estranged minority—or, at least, the distant minority, strangely distant at times—trying to make itself heard above a resounding that does not always understand, even when it is listening. (*Mind you*, a number of Quebec politicians have understood Canada well enough to call Sasser Drive home, but they were federal politicians—another breed altogether, one with a different job description too.)

A great many people in Quebec understand themselves in clichés of the province first, then in North American or citizens of the world. For many Quebecers, being, acting, thinking, feeling Canadian is an accidental part of their identity—something that pops up to the surface when national affairs arise, when they travel abroad, at tax time, or when Quebec's "traditional demands" get tossed down. This stems from cultural estrangement and social difficulty born

from their indifference or aversion to the idea of politics, the sense that a shared idea of identity is even more distant, not making the Maple Leaf is the job of federal politicians.

Provincial politicians are there, at the club level, to "defend Quebec's interests"—being understood that these are, by definition, threatened in Canada.

In this regard, Charest is a mutant, an anomaly as potentially becomes from head office and knows his way around Parliament Hill but was denied to enter a regional office where, he said, eventually, at longhand with the thinking and the politics of head office.

Just watch him stroll inside, now. Quebecers may not always know what they want, but they sure know how to get it. They have elected Charest's Liberals with 76 of the province's 825 seats—a landslide, but more than enough to demand a mandate for change. They have won the Parti Québécois to the gallow of the opposition, with an equally clear mandate to create and enact their own. But, with 44 seats, the PQ will be stronger than it has ever been in its position—far from repudiated or dead. For good reason, *Martin Dugan's* *Antioch de montagne* in Quebec, which ended up with just four seats, was, in fact, supported

The cabinet clock gives supporters of Charest's *Piquiss* finally installed voters.

by 18.3 per cent of voters—probably enough to keep it growing.

Ironically, a move to lift Canadian premier of Quebec, backed and pushed by a hefty and swirling *Piquiss* opposition in Quebec City, is probably the most likely contribution for the continuing of the current state of provincial federal affairs. Charest made that much clear the day after his election in his first news conference as premier-elect in Quebec City. He remarked that Quebec "traditionally" has played a leadership role in bringing about change in Canada. And he promised to play that role, as well.

That was enough to set off the usual suspects. Landry wanted that Ottawa minority rejection at having a weak interlocutor in Charest, and Diageppe reminded everyone of the urgency to defend the will of the National Assembly in Ottawa. Columnists in the *National Post* were quick to point out that "the separatists lost" and that "it's OK to say no to Quebec."

Charest will be the first of reopening the constitutional debate, but he promised to join forces with the other premiers in pursuing a common agenda—certainly ge-

ting a bigger share of tax dollars from Ottawa (his stance triggered positive noises from Alberta and Manitoba, among others). No one was pushing Charest to serve such a warning to Ottawa. But for the most part, the election was a provincial affair, for once. Voters expect Charest to cut taxes and fix the health-care system as promised; many also want him to unravel the municipal merger imposed by the Parti Québécois. The federal provincial showdown about changing the way Canada works came as a bonus.

An outgoing premier Landry pointed out, voters wanted a government that a majority of them thought had done a decent job. Still, pundits tell us separation is dead, and that Quebecers have grown weary of big, interventionist government—and of confrontation with Ottawa. There is some truth in all that, but I think there is more. Just like an awareness over putting the cap back on the toothpaste tube can escalate into a divorce, *Québec* had begun to irritate Quebecers. *Piquiss* is a mix of stereotypes, among them: overbearing Latin words such as *referendum*, *status quo* or *consensus*, calling something that is *separatist*. "Stupid-

ity!" and *chacun* being right on its own—and sorry for those in "the population" who fail to realize it.

Only 70 per cent of Quebec voters believed in vote but with the lowest turnout in decades—and only 33 per cent of those supported the Parti Québécois. What's that clear signal that the PQ's separatist platform made some serious burnishing? Absolutely not, according to Landry. Even if the government governs well and makes the right decisions, some citizens are bound to disagree, he said. So after nine years in office, a large number of good policies have aged a large number of voters—that's *Piquiss* for you.

Bookending with a young *Piquiss*, a former party apparition now cross-country Europe and the U.S., talking media proper in, in quick hits on the Quebec election results: "The PQ now is very much where Britain's Labour Party was before they [their] came along," he said. "They will need to take a long, hard look at themselves, before becoming arrogant and irrelevant again." So, Charest—and the rest of Canada—have at least four, possibly eight, years to see whether Quebecers, distinct as they are, can be made to function like Canadians, come to enter. Worth watching. ☐



## NOW FOR THE HARD PART

Islam-based terrorism will not be as easily defeated as Saddam's evil regime

DESPITE THE ebbing of Saddam Hussein's evil regime, this is a scary time. Two recent doomsday prophecies emphasized that fact. James Woolsey, a former CIA director, described the real-time victory as "merely the first episode of World War IV" (the Cold War having occurred as World War III in his liberal arithmetic).

A spokesman for North Korea's foreign ministry interpreted the Iraq conflict with this sliver of doomsday logic: "It shows that to allow disarmament of enough inspectors does not help even war, but rather sparks it. Only a tremendous military deterrent force," went the thinking, "can prevent attacks on states that the U.S. debiles."

Time to step back and consider the alternatives.

The Iraq war was meant to convey to the world in large part how powerful and invulnerable U.S. military power can be. At the same time, of course, it was aimed at displaying fidelity, with or without his weapons of mass destruction. The bill is now in George Bush's court. Will he use his impressive military to demonstrate that the Americans can be as creative and ingenious as Islamic tanks were deadly and devastating?

I hope so. But in order for that to happen, American leadership must also be thinking. If George Bush is serious about using the Iraq experience as a template for demoralizing the Middle East, then it will be a big trouble if it's a task that would make the invasion of Iraq seem like a Sunday school picnic.

Democracy is like life: It must come from within. It is not a gift that one country or individual can bestow on others. The Middle East hardly qualifies as fertile ground for people power, since 65 million of its adults can neither read nor write and 14 million are unemployed. Some of the region's larger countries have exploding populations with 50 per cent of their citizens under 16. Even in the highly culturally aware that the Bush doctrine successfully installed democracy in the region, citizens are free elections would produce poverty, radical, anti-Western

governments.

What Bush and his advisers must consider, even if the Iraq threat (such as it was) has been eliminated, is that the war they've just won was a diversion, one that will not affect the much more significant struggle against worldwide terrorism. Their approach to that real and present danger must be much more subtly reconsidered.

Islam-based terrorism is not, as some summer Republicans seem to believe, the new Communism, which can be defeated with the same strategies that humbled Moscow. Communism was a temporary end, as it turned out, self-defeating ideology adopted by a dispossessed proletariat being exploited by an oppressive monarchy. When the Berlin Wall tumbled in 1989, most of its scattered disciples in obscure back rooms capitulated.

ONE CAN IMAGINE that bin Laden caught one of his 15 children dipping at Dunkin' Donuts or chomping on a Big Mac

Once they accept the notion that Islam-based terrorism has far deeper and more dangerous roots than Communism, Bush and his advisers must considerably widen their analytical window. Their tendency to regard their feud with al-Qaeda as something of a holy war—at least, as much as Zionists are drawn to such grand designs. Under Bush, the spirit of free enterprise has been moved to something of a theology. As my graduate wife quips, earning an MBA from Harvard, as George W. did, amounts to the spiritual equivalent of being dipped in the baptismal waters of unbridled capitalism. Certainly, the President's recent speeches did drive inspiration for his actions and leave the impression that he considered himself an agent of Providence.

If the followers of Christ, Bush would put his version of Christianity against the radical forces of Islam, thus evocatively evoking its modern-day indigenous presence of the original Crusades. The extent of such epic confrontations is clearly beyond imagination in the 21st century, except that some anti-free religion doctrines are as holy as Holy Trinity, an authoritative constitution of al-Qaeda. University of Chicago historian Bruce Lincoln describes the movement as "religious institution that acts on behalf of a broader religious community." To be leader, or at least leading spirit, Osama bin Laden, the fight to the death is not with Bush, but against contemporary Western civilization and its institutions of Muslim culture.

To take the most generous interpretation of Bush's motives, he wants to raise the standards of living in the Arab centers of nations, some of them among the world's lowest. Simpler and then done. Take the example of McDonald's, which has become a symbol of unbridled modernity. That's not because it serves cardboard hamburgers, but because it's a handy manifestation of American capitalism on the hoof, so to speak. Why, given the complaint, do the American lion hunger for it on mobile all the money, when local cattle run by generations of Arab coffee grinders struggle to survive? It's a wild suggestion, but one can imagine that bin Laden might one of his 15 children dipping at Dunkin' Donuts or chomping on a Big Mac—and then set off the train of events that eventually destroyed the World Trade Center. It's bad enough to have your neighborhood invaded by the outposts of American imperialism. It's a lot worse to realize that your offspring enjoy patrolling there.

The spectacular demonstration of U.S. power in Iraq has made it even more apparent and much more disturbing that the world has no real way to deal with what the classic historian/philosopher Aristotle Terrence called "The American Empire." That sense of U.S. enormity dates back as far as 1776, when revolutionary essayist Thomas Paine declared, "The cause of America is in great measure the cause of all mankind."

The coming weeks will test the future of the American empire as George Bush decides whether he wants to be an emperor or president.

Peter C. Newman's column appears monthly (except in December) at

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# SO WHAT NEXT, MIKE WEIR?

He's achieved a lifelong goal, not to mention fame and riches. But the Masters champion wants more, writes JAMES DEACON.

IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT when the post-Masters dinner finally broke up. About 50 Augusta National members, friends and relatives of the guest of honour, Mike Weir, to grilled veal chops and fresh potato purée, accompanied by California cabernets and chardonnays, on Augusta National's own chivis in the grand old clubhouse. But it wasn't stiff or formal. Club chairman Happpy Johnson made the guests feel at home, made laudatory words about the tournament's low amateur, Rocky Barnes, and then introduced Weir to loud applause. It was a delicious creation in a comfortable setting, just what Weir had hoped it would be. And it wasn't the same room where, on Masters Sundays in the past, the members had roared off legendary champions such as Ben Hogan, Jack Nicklaus and, three years recently, Tiger Woods. For Weir, it was very cool to be part of that tradition, to be in that company, and to share the experience with his dad, Richard, his brother, Jim, and his wife, Krisis, seated next to him at the head table.

Just as Weir appreciates the history of his

game, he's a fan of another time-honoured tradition—having a few beers to celebrate a big win. When the dinner ended, he and the others in his group agreed to take the party back to the house they had rented. Trouble was, there wasn't any beer there, and they didn't figure they could find any for sale at that hour. So Weir did something that perhaps only a newly crowned Masters champion could get away with before leaving: he raided the fridge at Augusta National. "Yeah, we grabbed a bunch out of there," he says, "and took it back to the house."

He admits that when he's a private jet ride north of the disappearing glare of the clubhouse. He's even wearing the Masters green jacket, a loaner until his own is custom-made. The club usually frowns on players taking drinks off the grounds, let alone wearing them at commercial appearances. And we're sitting in the corporate offices of Sees Canada in Toronto, where he's spending The Day After launching a new line of golf accessories. But the club said it was OK because the lunch is supposed to be more

Instead of winning his third straight Masters, Woods helped Weir don his first green jacket.

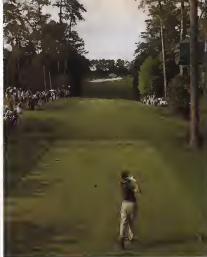
of an autograph session than anything else.

It didn't say that way. It had been on his schedule for ages, and would have attracted a fair bit of attention even if Weir, with two other PGA Tour wins already this season, had missed the cut in the Masters. But the fact that he'd just become the first Canadian golfer ever to win a men's major championship turned the occasion into a frenzy of media inquiries and sign-grabbing on the company's downtown Toronto store. Although he was operating on maybe an hour of sleep, he still rolled his public duties with the same touch he showed the day before on Augusta's treacherous greens. He was only drawn by the response to his appearance: thousands of fans swarmed the houseware department to line up for his autograph, kids hoisted signs saying "We want to be like Mike"; grown men shouted "We love you Wayne!" in public. "I never imagined," he says later, "it'd be anything like this."

How could he have? Weir built a rock-solid career by being prepared for every possibility on the golf course. That, in the very least, was obvious to anyone who watched the Masters. There, in the crushing pressure of a major championship, his game repeatedly saved the test. But nothing he learned in college golf, on far-flung tours, on the practice tee or even in consultation with his sports psychologist, Ulrich Goodin, could have prepared him for what happened after his historic win. The Masters isn't just a major championship; it's the most-watched tournament in golf, especially by Canadian fans for whom it marks the beginning of the season.

The victory immediately propelled him to a level of global attention that few individual Canadian athletes have known before. Sports Illustrated ranked him after his 1996 Olympic triumph as perhaps the most recent parallel, but Weir resonates more intimately here because of a gift. Few Canadians have any clue how lucky someone what he did, but Canada has the highest per capita golf participation rate in the world. Millions agreed over every slippery three-foot putt last week's "Wet No. 1" headline were wrong, but the response will ring true.

At the Sun's launch, the ever modest Weir says he'd like a premiership. But he has happened, and he's had no time to let it sink in. He brightens visibly when he talks about his public duties as briefly easy, and he's delighted when it's brother, Jim, and a bunch



Not one of the bigger hitters, Weir (above, on 30) won at Augusta with a great short game

of his known buddies from Bright's Grove, Ont., turn up to say hi. He joins them until he has a chance for a drop the puck appearance at Toronto's Hockey Hall of Fame, after which he's scheduled to fly to Detroit, just south of Salt Lake City, where he, his wife and their two daughters live. There's light at the end of his all-day tunnel. "I'm going to sleep all the way," he says, glassy-eyed but still smiling.

Whether he likes it or not, Weir's professional life is about to change. On April 14, the day after the Masters, the Toronto office of the International Management Group was closed when the entire staff, including Weir's manager, Kevin Albrecht, and agent, Dan Cameron, could sit in on the fireworks. But on April 15, they were back at work, strategizing. "It changes things for a Canadian before we thought about because of what he does worldwide TV," Albrecht says. "In

our business, there's something called the Q-rating, which looks at celebrity endorsement. He's always been high on the likeability scale, but now he's taken the wireless level up, too."

Among other things, winning the Masters spikes Weir's income potential. With his new endorsement profile, his appearance fees for invitation-only Skins Games and the like could climb by 500 per cent, according to some sources. His current sponsorship deal with Bell Canada and equipment companies TaylorMade and Titleist, among others, immediately increased in value after the Masters because of performance issues, and when they are renegotiated, they will be longer in terms and years will climb to seven figures in value from six. Sources say Cameron is considering new team corporate sponsor—the Bell Canada deal would come from the automotive or

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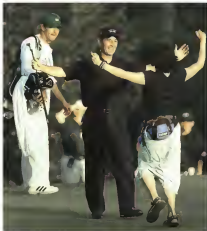


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The Masters' victory was especially sweet for a couple that had endured some lean seasons.

financial services sector. With revamped endorsements and some adjustments to his playing schedule to include lucrative over-sea events, Weir can boast his already desirable off-course income by US\$10 million or more over the next five years.

It's no given that he will, though. For one thing, his playing schedule gets complicated. To maintain his high standing on the PGA Tour money list, Weir needs to compete in 30 or more of those tournaments. He's also committed to play in the Presidents Cup team matches in Georgia, South Africa, in November, which could get in the way of playing for Canada at the World Cup at Kiawah Island, S.C., the same month. He'll likely be asked to Tiger Woods's tourney in Thousand Oaks, Calif., and as the Masters champ he gets an automatic invite to the PGA Grand Slam in Hawaii. "Now he's seeing what the 'Tigers of the world' face,"

Albrecht says. "Scheduling is a jigsaw puzzle and it's difficult to make everything fit."

Adding endorsements, meanwhile, sounds easy, but to earn the huge fees, he'd have to make time for commercial shoots and corporate outings. And Weir covets his time with Brian and the girls, Ellie, 5, and Lily, 3, preferably at their dacha in Glanders, Utah. "For Mike," says Albrecht, "family comes first. Then it's the playing commitments, and after that we'll think at endorsements." He can take that approach because he's already rich, having won more than a US\$11 million in tournaments the last half-dozen seasons.

To go with sponsorships and appearance fees "I've never been in this for the money," he says. What drives him is getting better, to become one of the handful of stars who shine internationally. "He's always wanted to be a world player," Albrecht says, "and I think when the gents get older, you'll prob-

ably see him travel abroad more to play."

The statistical measure of Weir's status is the fact that, after Augusta, he topped the 2003 PGA Tour money list with nearly US\$3.3 million and was the only player other than Woods to have won three titles this year. The tangible measure is that his peers weren't surprised he had the game to win a major, even on a stretched-out, fatigued layout that favored the big hitters. His performance caught the eye of Jack Nicklaus, his boyhood hero. "I don't watch a lot of golf tournaments on TV," Nicklaus told reporters last week. "But I didn't miss a shot of the last 36 holes with Mike playing. What he did was just amazing, because that golf course was obviously not his type of course."

It was amazing, and nerve-making, too. With so many big names—Woods, Phil Mickelson, Ernie Els, Vijay Singh—starting the final round close to the lead, there was pressure in every single shot, not just on Augusta's famous back nine. Woods appeared set to make a charge but double bogged the third hole and faded. Jeff Maggery, the leader going into the final round, had two bad holes and dropped out of the hunt. And late in the day, journeyman Len Maitland rode a hot putter into a three-shot lead over Weir after 36 holes. But Maitland succumbed to nerves on the 18th and made bogey, and that's all Weir, who has come from behind for all of his Tour victories, needed. He holed a clutch birdie putt on the 18th, and Maitland with another birdie at 35 after a brilliant wedge onto the green, and then narrowly a two-putt par on 36 to force a playoff. But he left his first putt well short, and the referee to tie was no game in that position. "I wouldn't wish that putt on anyone," Weir said afterward. Yet he snatched it firmly into the hole and proceeded to win the green jacket on the first playoff hole.

Short by the details hardly matter after the fact, but Weir's saving putt on 18 said to much about him. The championship was riding on it, of course, and it would determine how Weir would be remembered by fans and peers. "I had to really gather myself because there was such frailty in that putt—it cranked," Maitland says. "I think that was one of the most defining, definitely, but I think Mike's wasn't going to let it end there. So I just told myself I not stress too much, just play left-center and first. And that's the best part of the week."

It earned him enormous respect. Weir is

only five foot nine and 155 pounds, and he doesn't go out of his way to draw attention to himself. But that patch should be beloved among the great Masters champions. And in a way, he'd experienced that same pain so many times before. It's what he pictured as a boy in Flamin' Ole, his club house near Sam's. "As a kid, on the practice green, I'd hit a million putts," he said. "And every one was to win the Masters."

Slightly silly, but it was part of how Weir prepared himself. He'd hosted his game at Utah's Brigham Young University, worked with Gordon on keeping his positive outlook under pressure, and spent years on lower circuits in Australia and Canada before finally qualifying for the big U.S.-based tour for the 1998 season. He contended at the 1999 PGA Championship in Chicago before faltering, then bounced back with a Tour victory in Sunny, B.C., only weeks later. Last winter, after efforts to rework his caddy failed—he planned in the world rankings and Tour money list—he went back to basics, focused on his short game, and the results have been spectacular.

Weir is the definition of modest. One interviewer last week told him that people were calling his pal Wayne Gretzky "the Mike Weir of hockey." His reaction: "I don't buy that at all." But in the absence of ego, he's been driven by sheer, practical, 36-year hands-blend determination. "I always," he says, "believed that someday, somehow, I'd be wearing this jacket."

It was a promise he kept not only to himself, but also to Erica, who provided moral support and companionship during years when they struggle to pay the bills. Scott was especially sweet that she was there at Augusta to embrace him when the playoff ended and their dreams had come true. "A lot of things ran through my mind when she came onto the green—the times when we didn't have the kids yet and we were travelling together and she was odding," he says. "We'd pack up our apartment, load the car with a dozen rods in the back, and travel the country playing tournaments. To go from that to wearing a green jacket, well, it's been a long road, and going through it makes that—the touches in his lapel—"all the more satisfying."

The last years served a purpose. "It's part of the maturing process I needed to go through as a person," he says. "And I need the time to get it better." His progress isn't over. Some guys win majors and their games



Weir was flustered by his reception at Sam's and by a thunderous outburst at the hockey game

fall apart because they spend too much time grabbing the easy money. Or they celebrate a little too hard. Not Weir. "I'm definitely going to enjoy it," he says, "but I want to take this one further. I want to win some more."

His timing is superb. Winning the season's first big event is a relief. "People were beginning to wonder if I'd ever win a major, and it was on my mind a bit." And he's 32, the mid-to-late 30s are considered pro golfers' prime years. Standing in the way, though, is Woods, who's still only 27 and has already captured eight majors. Weir is full of admiration and is glad it was Woods, as defending champion, who helped him slip on the green jacket. "I now know what it takes to win one major championship," Weir says, "and the fact that he's been able to maintain such a consistently high level of play, well, I don't think many people really appreciate what he's been able to do."

As the interview is wrapping up, Weir thinks of something that makes him chuckle. "You know, I was playing out there yesterday and it was nerve-racking, for sure," he says, standing by the door. "But I was having fun, too. Hutch [caddy Herman Little, a former pro himself] and I was laughing at how exciting it was. We were looking around, looking at all the people, and saying, 'This is cool.' That is what we dreamed about as kids, walking up 18 with a chance to win the Masters." Being Weir, he kept control of his emotions and his grip on reality. "I was trying to soak it all in, but at the same time I had to stay focused and keep it all in perspective," he says. "Win or lose, my lady's still going to love me and I'm going to love them. It wasn't life or death, it's only a game." With that, he walks into the next room to join his brother and their pals, and cracks open a beer.

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# MAJOR WINS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS

Canadians have a long history at golf's big events, writes **ROBERT LEWIS**

**TAKE THAT, Mr. Team!** ("Golf is a good walkspotted"). And you, Winona Churchill ("Playing golf is like chugging a quinine pill around a cow pasture"). No longer is golf just another dose-letter word, at least not in Canada. As we shrugged off the vestiges of a long, cold winter, images of a young man from Bright's Grove, Ont., beamed into more than a million homes from the award-plated fairways of the Augusta National Golf Club. People who would no more tune in a golf tournament than tap him back were glued to their sets, cheering Mike Weir as he quest to become the very first Canadian to win golf's grandest prize, the Masters. Like Wayne Gretzky and Donovan Bailey and the men's and women's Olympic hockey teams before him, the 32-year-old made Canada proud—and gave a major boost to a game that has struggled in the past decade to live up to its storied traditions.

More than that, in a season of war in Iraq and SARS at home, Weir lifted the spirits of an entire country, on the strength of his playoff victory and his own truly Canadian personality. In a land where instructors teach as instructors are the icons, some poster Allan Grigg of The Strategic Council, "he is a new Canadian hero in a country where the Canadian identity is no very rooted in great people or great events."

Until now, Canadian male professionals have had to be content with only coming close at the summit of the golfing kingdom. In 1969 (it was Whitby's maverick George Knudson, finishing in a tie for second and missing out on the faded Master's green jacket by two shots. In 1985, Dave Barr, from B.C.'s Okanagan region, also finished second at the U.S. Open after leading on the last day but two strokes on the back nine.

There have been two other Canadian tri-



Three-time Tour winner Ben Cline second at the 1991 U.S. Open, but still got overlooked.

umphs in the so-called "majors" of golf. In 1968, Sandra Post of Oakville, Ont., the first Canadian woman to play on the Ladies Professional Golf Association Tour, won the LPGA Championship—and was named rookie of the year. She went on to win eight career victories on tour, the same number as Knudson, and became the inspiration for a long line of Canadian women pros, including such current LPGA stalwarts as Lori Riano of P.I.L.L. and Dawn Coles of Campbell River, B.C., the newest member of Canada's Golf Hall of Fame. And in 1992, when it was counted as a "major," the U.S. Amateur went to London, Ont. insurance executive Charles Ross (Sandy) Sumerville.

**MIKE WEIR** is no George Knudson. Although he studied the golf swing like a scientist examining DNA, Knudson was a chain-

smoking road of a man who once confessed, "I used to drink Scotch like it was milk, just to sleep at night." And he was so committed to perfecting his ball striking that he paid little attention to putting, short chips and blasting out of the sand—the skills that Weir craved in his victory.

Admired by his peers as one of the smoothest cutworms on Tour, Knudson was his own harshest critic. He once recalled a five-year shootie he had a decade earlier in Tokyo. "It was something that I had worked toward all my life," he told Mackinnon in 1979. "I've hit one perfect shot in my life, and that's one more than most." Toronto TV producer Bill Johnson recalls caddy for Knudson during the 1961 Canadian Open in their native Winnipeg and complimenting him on a shot. "He put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Appreciate the sentiment, but you will never know what a good shot is. For the sake of our relationship, never again comment on my shots, please!'"

At the 1969 Masters, Knudson actually shot the best round of the day among the coplay finishers, a two-under-par 70. On the 15th and 16th holes on the last day, he made birdie putts of 10 and 30 feet, needing a three on the par-four 18th to force a playoff. His birdie putt topped two inches short of the hole. His second-place finish earned him \$12,333. The next day, the *New York Times* devoted five words to Knudson's play.

Barr faced similar issues during his 28-year career on the PGA Tour. Although he won two tournaments and a career \$2.5 million, he never got the recognition he felt he deserved. When he watched highlights in his motel room after a round, he never saw himself. "The camera would pull away and they'd show some other guy," he told columnist Thom Payton in 1985. "Ever back



Somerville (left) and Post won majors. Knudson (below) came close at the Masters in 1969.



home, the dashing Jim Nelford, now a U.S. network golf analyst, would get more ink. "I guess he had an agent," Barr lamented.

Weir has no such problems—and the Canadian golf establishment is delighted. "For the past 20 years we've been dry," notes Stephen Ross, executive director of the Royal Canadian Golf Association. "Mike Weir has taken a gigantic risk for himself, and several strides forward for everyone involved in golf." Richard Green, the celebrated former director of the Canadian Open, adds, "Overall, it's a very good plus for Canadian golf."

But will it prosper in the long run? Golf writer Loren Heubertson, who had the good fortune to sign a contract for a book about Weir before his Masters victory, is skeptical. "Does it mean the RGA and corporations are going to put more money into Canadian golf, or are they just going to mention Mike Weir?" Does it mean more kids are going to play on courses for \$100? To what extent does Weir's triumph translate into more people playing the game?

Good questions. One thing is clear, though. Mike Weir is a quintessential Canadian: follow, well-mannered, respectful of his elders, devoted to his family, committed to persevering against the odds—the kind of guy the image makers and ad agencies love. And now, perhaps, he is poised to become the greatest golfer this country has produced. There's no accounting for what will win a big one (even for a golfer's confidence). Even coming close gave George Knudson a boost. At Augusta in 1969, he beat Arnold Palmer by 90 shots and Jack Nicklaus by nine. After it was all over, Knudson declared, "I know now that I belong—and that I can, and will, win a major."

It was not to be. Although he went on to win back-to-back tournaments that season, he left the Tour before contending again for a major and devoted his days to teaching his theory of the perfect swing. Philosophical to the end—he succumbed to lung cancer in 1989 at 58—Knudson once observed, "Golf is the game of a lifetime, one in which you can get better and better." This month, in the fading light of an Augusta evening, as Tiger Woods held the new champion down his green Masters jacket, Mike Weir beamed proudly, proof-positive that Knudson's love is one for the ages. **ML**

Former Mackinnon author Robert Lewis is vice president of content development at Rogers Media. [news@rtpg.com](mailto:news@rtpg.com)



# HOMETOWN PRIDE

In Bright's Grove, some folks want a Mike Weir Day, JOHN INTINI reports

**SITTING IN THE TINY DEN** of his home in Bright's Grove, Ont., Richard Weir used to try to wriggle his head around his son's success. "When Mike was growing up he'd be at Huron Oaks golf club every day by eight in the morning, and stay until it was too dark to see the ball any more," says Weir, 65, thumbing through a scrapbook of old newspaper clips and photos that document Mike's early golf achievements. "My wife and I would often have to drive over to the club to drag him home. Sometimes we'd just bring him supper in a plastic sack he ate something. All he ever wanted to do was be a golfer."

The long days of chipping, putting, and practicing on the driving range at Huron Oaks paid off in a big way: Weir's playoff victory at the Nations in Augusta, Ga., not only netted the 32-year-old Bright's Grove native a cool US\$1.98 million, but further cemented his status as the town's favorite son. Locals don't seem to care that Weir left town more than a decade ago, having won a golf scholarship to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, and never moved home. (He currently lives in Draper, south of Salt Lake City.) In fact, nearly every conversation last week at restaurants, bars, or coffee shops in this tiny community just east of Sarina on the shores of Lake Huron seemed to revolve around Weir. "What was?" asked Brian Tisdale, general manager of Huron Oaks. "Hockey player? Who's playing? All people here want to talk about is Mike."

There's little doubt that Weir's Mike's Pride has increased the number of visitors Bright's Grove, and probably all of Canada, for that matter, who want to be like Mike. In between drinking puns on the practice green at Huron Oaks, 16-year-old Jordan Dayman was still recognizing from Weir's big win. "I thought I had three heart attacks during the final round drive," said Dayman, while warning off by his father's round of 18 in as many days. "It's great that a guy from my small town has made it big in the world."



Richard and Michael Weir used to have to drive to the golf club and drag Mike home.

People at school can't stop talking about Mike. One guy made the mistake of going around saying that golf is for sissies, and the rest of us told him to shut up. Mike is not just a hometown hero, he's a legend."

At Tim Herliem, 17-year-old Craig James fondly recalled his brief encounter with Weir about five years ago. "I was at a drink Mike was holding at the club, and he picked me out of the crowd," said James, a Grade 11 student who breaks doughnuts and coffee past time to help offset the cost of his own golf addiction. "I told him I was a lefty and he asked if I wanted to try out his clubs. I got to swing his five and seven irons. He was so down to earth. I think there should be a Mike Weir Day in Bright's Grove."

While that's unlikely, Sarina Mayor Mike Bradley—whose jurisdiction includes Bright's Grove—a busy trying to find the best way of recognizing the local hero. Remaining an arena or a park in Weir's honour are possibilities. "I want to make sure that whatever we decide to do captures Mike's essence," says Bradley. "It has to be something with which Mike will have an emotional bond."

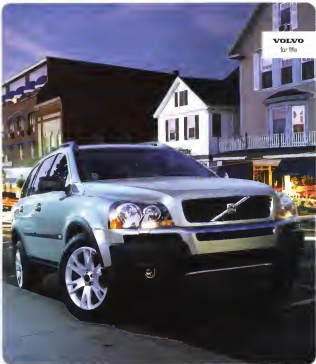
Outside St. Clair's Secondary School in

Sarina—where Weir graduated in 1988—a sign congratulating him greets visitors. In his office, gym teacher Dan Thomas, who coached Weir on the junior basketball team back in 1985, remembers the work ethic and strong play of his sharpshooting point guard. "He had a really nice left-handed shot and was an even better leader," says Thomas. "We had a couple of kids on the team with attitude problems and Mike would always take them aside and quietly get them back on track. The other guys really looked up to him."

Atwood in basketball and golf, Weir played a number of other sports growing up, including baseball and hockey. Not everyone was excited when he finally decided to focus on golf. His Little League baseball coach, Glenn Louson, was desperate to keep his star left-handed pitcher on the roster. "After Mike told me he was thinking about leaving the ball team, I went out and played around of 18 with him and his father," recalls Louson, a 49-year-old elementary-school teacher in Sarina. "He really struggled that day and after the round I told him that he should stick with baseball. He didn't follow my advice, which was obviously a great move for him and I've taken a lot of abuse ever the years for it. But whenever I see Mike we have a pretty good laugh about it."

St. Clair's principal Peter Robinson says that Weir's recent success has generated a great deal of excitement among the school's students. "When Mike's playing in a tournament, you just have to walk down the hall a few feet before someone tells you how he's doing," says Robinson, who was a vice-principal at St. Clair's during Weir's last two years of high school in the late '80s. "The students are always checking the Internet to keep track of his score. Mike's dedication is a real inspiration for the students. We'd love it if he could get back here to speak."

Weir's home schedule might make such a visit difficult, but he will definitely be back in Bright's Grove at the end of July for the



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Wier was good at hockey, baseball and basketball, but by 15, golf had become his best game.

annual Sunshine Dream for AIDS charity that he organizes with former NHL star Dino Ciccarelli. The celebrity fundraising event for underprivileged kids is held at Horton Oaks. Organizers have already had people across Canada and the United States inquiring about the event, and organizers are confirming that attendance earlier than usual. "We're already making plans on how to deal with crowd control," says Taylor. "It's going to be crazy now that Mike's won the Masters. We usually get a few thousand people in here for the event. But who knows what's going to happen this year."

Two days after announcing his son on the fringe of the 19th green at Augusta, Richard Wier says that being the proud father of a Master's champion was never something he could have imagined. "My only aspiration, when it was clear that Mike had a gift, was that he earn a golf scholarship to help get an education, and then maybe come back to be a member—you'd expect his name to be plastered on many of the two dozen trophies kept behind glass. But because the dad championship conflicted with his university schedule, he only competed a few times. Seven more appears only twice—first in 1988, when he won, and again two years later, when he shared the title with Brian Walker from Serbia. It's a tournament that Walker remembers well. "I was up by a

stroke on Mike going into 18 and birdied the last hole, so I thought I was in pretty good shape," says Walker, now a 45-year-old processing operator at Navy Chemicals in Serbia. "But Mike came through the four some behind me and eagled the last hole to tie it up. At the time I just wondered what on earth do you have to do to beat this guy. Now that he's won the Masters I'm just excited to have tied him."

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## COUNTDOWN TO FAME

- 10 | 1998—At 30, Wier is given a set of left-handed clubs from a neighbour that are too long and too heavy—not that he cared.
- 9 | 1993—Writes a letter to Jack Nicklaus to ask whether he should switch and start playing right-handed. The Golden Bear writes back, telling him to keep playing as a natural southpaw.
- 8 | 1986—Wins Canadian Junior Championship.
- 7 | 1982—Named Conference Player of the Year and second-team All-American at Brigham Young University.
- 6 | Feb. 25, 1984—Plays first PGA Tour event—the United Airlines Hawaiian Open. Finishes golf for 21 st and earns US\$15,000.
- 5 | Sept. 8, 1989—Wins first PGA Tour title at the Air Canada Championship in Surrey, B.C. The victory makes Wier the first Canadian to win a Tour event since Vancouver's Richard Zokol won the 1982 Greater Montreal Open.
- 4 | 2000—Meets Canada's Male Athlete of the Year. Highlights included being the first Canadian to play in the Presidents Cup and winning the WGC American Express Championship in Spain.
- 3 | 2001—Wins the prestigious, interlocking PGA Tour Championship. Finishes the year 12th on the PGA Tour money list.
- 2 | April 13, 2003—Wins the Masters and becomes first Canadian man to win a major championship.
- 1 | April 14, 2003—David Letterman lists his Top 10 Messages left on Mike Wier's Answering Machine. Number 5: "This is President Bush. Today you made all of us proud to be Canadian."

# 'HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?'

WestJet's CEO says the government should resist bailing out Air Canada

IT IS, by now, one of those classic Calgary business legends. Seven years ago, real estate developer Clive Bridges, along with several fellow Calgary executives, grew an interest with the high cost of business air travel on the country's two major carriers, Air Canada and Canadian Airlines International Ltd. Their solution? Start their own no-frills, discount airline modelled on the hugely successful Dallas-based Southwest Airlines. From its base in Western Canada, WestJet Airlines Ltd. rapidly expanded its routes: 1,500 flights weekly, and serves 25 per cent of the domestic air passenger market. Moreover, WestJet, with Bridges as its CEO, has consistently made a profit. Meanwhile, Canadian Airlines was taken over by Air Canada in 1998, and earlier this month the hidden Air Canada's third-quarter profit. The blunt spoken Bridges takes obvious delight in the company's success—and is not shy about offering both Air Canada and the federal government advice about their future options. Bridges, 56, spoke with *Maclean's* Calgary Bureau Chief Brian Bergman at WestJet's head office.

**The country's largest airline is in bankruptcy protection. Is that a good thing?**  
For the health of the industry, I think it is. It will force Air Canada to be more realistic. This is an airline that has lost huge amounts of money on its domestic operations for a long time.

**You've said Air Canada has no one to blame but itself. Can you expand on that?**  
The whole Air Canada philosophy stems from one of dominance. Drive everyone else out of business and you force the public into your system. There, you don't really have to worry about things like customer service or on-time performance. You can charge whatever you like and still the flying public has no choice. The danger in that is that you leave yourself wide open to the onset of a more efficient carrier that does concentrate on customer service. The net result

is that when we came on the scene, we were welcomed with open arms. So we've prospered whilst they've suffered.

**What is an example of what you view as Air Canada's determination to dominate?**  
The absolutely classic one is Abbotsford, B.C. We went in there five years ago as a completely new market, and built it up to about six flights a day, serving Calgary and Edmonton. We charged the same fares as on our flights out of Vancouver. And we did very well. Air Canada couldn't stand to see this. They went in with three flights a day or so, matching our fares. Now, their operating costs are double ours, and then in saying they could cover that route with our fares. So what in earth were they doing there? Well, yes, the people of Abbotsford had no tolerance for this and supported us. When flying out of there with planes 70 per cent full, Air Canada's passenger loads were about half of ours. Can you imagine how much money they were losing? I mean, I can understand them giving it a try, but when it didn't work, why not stop? Absolutely stupid, beyond belief.

**Air Canada is now looking for concessions from its employees. Should it get them?**  
The first thing the employees should demand is a rational business model. If I was one of them, I'd say "I've wanted to take a huge cut on my salary, but for what? No one?" Air Canada needs to deliver a good career proposition to help. Not everyone wants to fly on WestJet. There are people who want something of a premium product.

**What should Ottawa do to make the airline industry more viable?**  
They can start by having a transportation policy that encourages people to travel. This is an industry that has been wrecked by taxes and surcharges. Our frustration is that we've stimulated this market. We cut fares by an average of 50 per cent wherever we went—and made money doing it. Then Ottawa comes along and slaps charges after charges,

stacking up that differential. Look, we've generated \$2 billion in gross revenue since we started, and earned a total net income after tax of about \$135 million. We've paid out about \$590 million in taxes and charges to various government entities. I mean, how much is enough?

**What should Ottawa not do?**  
They should not bail out Air Canada. To do so is to continue to sustain an unsustainable business enterprise. They bailed out Canadian twice. And it didn't work.

**How will your own business plan change as a result of Air Canada's troubles?**  
We're building our own network in Canada, so our first priority is to make sure that it's efficient and works well. We added Toronto and London, Ont., last year. We've just launched flights into Windsor, Ont., and Halifax and we go into Montreal next April 24. So we'll gradually connect those cities together, adding flights and frequency. Once that's done, we will penetrate the U.S.

**If you look five years ahead, how do you see the state of Canada's airline industry?**  
I see two charter carriers and two scheduled carriers. That's all the market will likely sustain. I see more of the domestic market going to us, with Air Canada concentrating on the longer haul and higher end. They have to differentiate their products. Merriam doesn't try to sell cars at Volkswagen prices. Air Canada is a high cost carrier and it's ridiculous to imagine it can be otherwise. Pricing aircraft different colours and giving them different names doesn't change their cost of doing business.

**How do you see the domestic market splitting between WestJet and Air Canada?**  
If Air Canada is ultimately smart enough to understand what it needs to do, my guess is that the market will be split 60/40 between us. The question will then be who gets the majority share?



**If Air Canada abandons certain routes and WestJet enjoys a monopoly, what's to stop you from gouging the customer?**  
Nothing would prevent us, but that's not part of our philosophy or what makes us work. The market is very elastic. If you start putting up fares unreasonably, people won't fly. In Abbotsford, before Air Canada came in, we had a monopoly market. We didn't hike fares. Why? Because we had too far to stimulate people to fly.

**Doesn't the same logic apply to Air Canada?**  
Look, they had 85 per cent market share at one point. What they did was take the people who had to fly and gouged them. If

you're a businessman trying to sell an important deal and have to go to Toronto, what does it matter if the ticket price is \$3,000 or \$4,000? That's what they did.

**How important is it that WestJet's staff is not unionized and are you concerned there may be a push to start a union?**  
It's the employees who choose not to have a union. What we've done is aligned the interest of our employees with the company. They share in our profits and have a stake in our success. All of the people at WestJet are concerned about sustaining the culture of this company, not justice and the other executives.

**And all of us have a lack of tolerance for people who aren't prepared to be part of the WestJet team. There's a need to do whatever it takes to make sure that airplanes get out on time, that bags are moved, even if it means getting down on the ramp and throwing some bags or helping clean up the airplane. We all do it, all of us.**

**WestJet has enjoyed tremendous customer loyalty. Do you expect that to continue as you become a much bigger fish?**  
Customer loyalty comes from customer service. Friendly, affordable, reliable, safe service. If we lose that, then we'll lose our support in the community.



## A POOR GRASP OF HISTORY

Wall Street's optimists see too many parallels between the two Gulf wars

SINCE GEORGE W. BUSH declared that the U.S. was serious about Saddam, Wall Street has been advising investors about the war's impact on the economy and the stock market. Each week, we've been given forecasts about oil prices, inflation, interest rates and the inevitability of a victory driving a new bull market once the war finally got underway.

That the Street, never renowned for its breadth through its various institutions, has been so confident in its forecasting is because it has been using the first Gulf War as its database. That example has many advantages: it is so recent that even the demagogues on the Street can actually recall it; it has many of the same names of prominent protagonists; it has the same geography; and it supplies seemingly unshakable evidence for bullishness.

As we have been told, the Gulf War produced a brief price leap in oil prices to US\$40 a barrel, followed by a collapse. The Dow Jones Industrial Average soared 1,000 points once the bombing began. The war itself was dramatic, beautiful and short, and the global economy soon began to pick up again, setting the stage for the best economic and stock market times on record.

With that plausible pitch, the Street has been archaic in its appraisal of the current war as a great reason to buy stocks generally and a great reason to dump oil stocks. Cheap oil and cheap money will get the economy and stock market moving. Why should investors be skeptical?

One reason is that the people who now tell us the market is cheap were the same ones who told us to buy tech stocks when Nasdaq was trading at 350 times earnings. In particular, we should remind the Street that in its trading history, The giddy guidebook writer books of the 1990s first drew attention from history enriched only their action and Wall Street. The books grossly abused history through manipulation of stock market data. Three-thirds of those rare per cent long-term returns came from dividends, which had shrunk to the ridiculous level of 1.4 per

cent in the 1990s ("Stocks for the long run," "New Economy," and other such catch phrases) were, in reality, a series of man-made depression peddling with unimmaculate.

For those who actually want to investigate the history of that era before they invest, here are some relevant points. First, the Gulf War produced the only U.S. current account surplus in the past 22 years, thereby enriching Washington and prepping up the U.S. dollar at a time of a painful U.S. recession bedeviled with banking problems arising from the real estate bust. The Japanese, Germans, French and British paid the U.S. so generously that the Pentagon actually recorded a profit. This time, the financially challenged U.S. is paying most of the costs of a much more expensive mission, adding substantially to the government and interest

**THE STREET SAYS cheap oil and cheap money will get the economy and stock market moving. Why should investors be skeptical?**

account deficits at a time the U.S. dollar is in a major bear market.

Second, the first war came at a time of a global recession and weak oil prices. Once the purchasing ended, oil prices plunged, and stayed weak for a considerable time. This time, war came with the global economy strong enough to already all the oil-rich producers (after allowing for the cut backs in production from Venezuela, Nigeria, and, of course, Iraq). China, formerly an oil exporter, now imports roughly 1.6 million barrels a day. Oil prices aren't particularly high, but they aren't cheap, and appear as a tax on consumers in industrial nations.

Third, the Gulf War was a relatively minor geopolitical and economic event compared with the collapse of Soviet Communism. The Cold War's end crushed the last pillar

of the Age of Inflation, giving birth to the Age of Deflation, which means falling interest rates (and rising price-earnings ratios) for the next dozen years. The reunification of Germany triggered the biggest construction boom in decades on the Continent, as Helmut Kohl decreed to lift the limit from its ruins in a failed second period. The rush of investment into the East drove the Deutschmark sharply higher against other Continental currencies. (One long-term result: Kohl didn't become the Mitterrand; he became the French socialist Jacques Delors—who created monetary union and fixed the mark as a particularly expensive level with its rivals, notably the French franc. This would prove to be a huge, economically painful subsidy to France from Germany over the next decade—by making Germany less competitive and encouraging business investment in France.)

Third, there's some stimulus for capital investment across the industrial world. In the U.S., state and local governments, usually major-league spenders on capital investment, are running fiscal deficits, so they're finishing spending on public projects, including highways and bridges.

Fourth, there was no SARS then. This is the first jet-set transatlantic disease, and it's inflicting economic harm on a bigger scale than the seemingly modest seizures and death statistics suggest. It scares people who have disproportionate influence on economic activity. When business people stop travelling and attending conferences, the whole global economy suffers—not just Hong Kong, Beijing and Toronto.

Finally, the U.S. stock market's price-earnings ratio back then was roughly one-third lower than today, and stock options were being issued in trivial volumes. Today, not only is the market not cheap, but technology companies continue to issue stock options by the billions, without reporting their actual earnings, further debasing an already debauched system.

There are good reasons for selective equity investments now (particularly in the oil stocks the Street rejects), but none has anything to do with the stuff the Street assumes. Those who would learn from a measured account of history are destined to repeat their previous investment mistakes. □

Donald Gore is chairman of World Investments Management in Chicago and of the investment firm Heritage Investments, located in Jacksonville.



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**ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS** The Roman poet Horace's familiar words, that life is short but art is forever, have been a writer's mantra for 2,000 years. They make an ironic appearance in Margaret Atwood's dystopian *Oryx and Crake*, as the former motto—replaced by “Our Students Graduate With Employable Skills”—of a down-market liberal arts university, Bloor’s, also an apt summation of Atwood’s achievement in her 11th novel. The author may brazenly kill off the whole of humanity in it, but she does so with a style and grace that demonstrate again just how powerful a storyteller she is. (Of one measure of art’s power is its ability to force you to face what you would very much rather not. *Oryx and Crake*—the macabre tale of a ragnarek-like near future—is an extraordinary work of art, one that confirms Atwood’s place at the apex of Canada as literature.

of deviousness coming to his aid whenever they catch him out in a logical inconsistency—Jimmy broods on the past.

He’s haunted especially by thoughts of Oryx, the Asian woman who was sold into sex slavery as a child and later became an obsession for Jimmy, and also by Crake, his high-school friend who was the idealistic but insane genius who brought things to this pass. The names of these two characters aren’t the ones they were born with. Crake, created God of the new humans and destroying angel of the old, ensured that everyone in his orbit bore the name of a recently extinct animal. A gentle East African heron for Oryx, an Australian marsh bird for himself (Therapia, another Australian word, a bird first used to roost in cockroaches, never stuck to Jimmy, and the gull-totemic survivor later introduced himself to the Crake-

# Atwood

## Apocalyptic

In her devastating new novel, Canada’s premier author imagines a near-future of environmental collapse and bioengineered horror

The novel opens with Jimmy, who believes he’s the last man alive, awakening under an alarmingly garish sky, harrowed by the detritus of our decaying civilization and his too-vivid memories. When he’s not dozing himself to staying alive, foraging in the wreckage for food and, even better, alcohol, Jimmy keeps an eye on the Crakers. An entirely new species of genetically engineered homo sapiens, the Crakers are far better suited than Jimmy to current environmental conditions. Extra-thick skin of various colors protects them from ultraviolet rays, and they’re immune to most diseases. Despite their physical edge, and the moral artifacts they are to Jimmy—he can’t stand their glibness—he worries over them because of their very innocence. And when he’s not worrying for supplies or making up creation myths for the Crakers—a lifetime

as Snowman, short for *Abominable*)—Jimmy also remembers the world before catastrophe. A child of privilege, he grew up with his scientist parents in a luxurious corporate compound, the direct descendant of today’s gated communities. Tightly guarded, and even more tightly controlled, by company security forces, the inhabitants had everything they wanted within the compound walls, from schools to malls, and had little reason to go out into what they called the pleeblands. While the corporate scientists played with the building blocks of life to create products of interest to the wealthy—youthful, biogenetically skinned or piggy with multiple human organs growing in their—life outside steadily deteriorated.

Global warming turned interior plains into dust bowls, while coastal cities sank beneath the waves and the Arctic tundra bul-



For all six billion humans to live like us,' she says, 'we'd take the resources of four more earths'

bled with released midwife. Outside North America, conditions were even worse. Eventually even the American pleidlands became "also-baselines," as Jerry describes them, with "more plagues, more famines, more floods, more droughts, more chick-eat-boy-wilders" than "Ripe, in fact, for the final disaster."

Jerry's musings go back to his best bits of animals—remnants of the mid-1990s consciousness of 2001—that his parents' compound had to stage when a disease ran through their son's herd. The leaves on the trees were orange and red, he recalls, so he knows he was five or six—it's been a long time since there was an autumn. That means Jerry, who is still a young man in the novel's present, can almost recall now

"OH, JIMMY'S THREE this year," laughs Margaret Atwood about her million-dollar child. "These things are not very far off at all." Not impossible, for that matter. Review copies of *Crave* and *Crave* were accompanied by a thickstack of press clippings about the race to create orange-pigs, spinsters, disappearing animal species and burgeoning child slavery—of course, day after day. And all part of the background to the first three books. Although much of that consciousness is currently collected around 9/11 and the war in Iraq, Atwood began shaping *Crave* and *Crave* before the world changed. "We were heading near Cairns in March 2000, well before the twin towers. Australia has cranes and I was thinking about their rarity, and I started this 'Given so, the 63-year-old author was 'consciously alarmed' while she was writing 'by the parts that were coming true.' That would already include seeing her hometown, Toronto, become a global hot spot for a new and frightening disease.

Dystopia, of course, is nothing new for Atwood. Eighteen years ago *The Handmaid's Tale* was a vision of a United States where power had been seized by religious fanatics. In the Republic of Gilead, civil rights were extinguished, pollution and disease decimated fertility rates and weakened the population. Similar the case to *Crave* and *Crave*, and similar presence on Atwood's part of the post-9/11 American. Despairing of Handmaid's severity was the general cry of the U.S. dollar bill as a symbol, just as Gilead's secret police did.

A popular and critical success—*The Hand-*



An opera based on Atwood's *harrowing* *The Handmaid's Tale* opens next month in the U.S.

maid's Tale brought Atwood the first of her four Booker prize nominations—the novel spawned movies in 1990 and a Danish opera a decade later. That production, a year before Sept. 11, began with a film montage of exploding American symbols, including the White House and the Statue of Liberty. With the opera set for its American debut next month, Atwood told an interviewer, "I think it's even going to be more shocking if they do that in the new version."

So why another horrific future vision? "Matters have become more acute," Atwood calmly responds. "Take a single biological premise: when things run out, there isn't any more. Recall our billion humans to live like we would take the resources of four more earths." We're running out of clean water and arable land, she adds, even as extremes of affluence and poverty are growing. "Worse, we're introducing entirely new, man-made organisms to the mix, to the point that, in Jerry's words, the planet is 'one vast uncontrolled experiment.'"

Speaking of genetically modified corn and other crops, and the loss of unknown consequences, Atwood pauses. "Too late," she writes, "there are studies that indicate corn-based stuff kills the body to get on more fat. And about 70 per cent of the U.S. is somewhat overweight. I'm thinking of writing a new story I'd call 'Wid-

dle, about fast-running alien predators and people who can't get away from them."

You can't talk to Atwood for long before encountering the same, instantly recognizable humor that quells her books. At one point, Jerry daily recalls that Crave's real name was Glenn, with two n's, after "a deal plant, some boy genius." Asked about drawing this link between the animal-loving Crave, who clearly has Asperger's syndrome—a high-functioning variant on the spectrum of autistic disorders—and the notoriously eccentric Glenn Gould, Atwood responds eagerly. "I bet, I'll just bet, that Gould had Asperger's even if they didn't diagnose it back then. What to know a friend I learned after I wrote the book? When he was 10, Gould wrote an opera where all the people died at the end, and only the animals survived. That gave me a chill."

Sly, needle-sharp and not at all forgiving, Atwood's dark humor is as integral to the power of her writing as her narrative drive or her insight into human motivation. Readers often find themselves laughing less at the irony of a situation than at characters who somehow think irony will help the situation, even as events are grinding them into dust. So it is in the post-apocalyptic world of *Crave* and *Crave*, where the Web sites and interactive games that pass for human communication are named with savage wit. There's *hellhole* (a live fox nomination, the assigned suicide site since the corn, and *Edith's Frog Squads* for animal stuff af-

IN SEARCH OF COMFORT, A BEAR WILL LIFT ITS DEN WITH GRASS AND LEAVES. I, HOWEVER, REQUIRE A LITTLE MORE REFINEMENT.

Every spring I pack up my Envoy and move to the foothills of the Rockies to study the black bear. My first job is to find the bears. Nature follows suggests to best track a bear you have to become the bear. Go where it goes. Eat what it eats. Sleep where it sleeps. GM's satellite tracking, doesn't beat either.

My job requires constantly moving computers and equipment over great distances and rugged terrain. It also means leaving behind all the creature comforts of the city. All except for my GMC Envoy, which adapts well to the task.

With a soft, fur-like covering a thick layer of fat, a bear can get comfortable just about anywhere—under a log or in my opinion a tree. I, however, need my GMC Envoy.

Also available is the Envoy XL, which is 16 inches longer and seats 7 comfortably. The GMC Envoy and Envoy XL come with a 270 HP motor, GM's 4-cylinder 4-cyl, and Automatic, Air, ABS, plus heavy features like dual-zone climate control, available DVD player and Bose radio system.

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## CRIES AND WHISPERS

There's some fine handiwork in *Dropped Threads 2*, another anthology of women's intimate reflections

I **OPENED** *Dropped Threads 2* with some trepidation. The subtitle is Carol Shields and Marjorie Robison's sacred anthology of personal reflections from Canadian women in *More of What We Aren't Told*. But since the late 1960s, feminists have been digging bones, feelings, relationships, child care, menstruation and menopause out of the closet, and handling them with the seriousness they deserve in academic research books, TV talk shows, newspapers and magazines. That the task of detailing such intimate subjects and fully to name is disquieting. What's more, focusing on them tends to make mistakes, formalize, misname, worsen or trouble (bad relationships, bad health, bad luck, bad merely bad relationships) struggles to make sense of things and, in the end, finds redemption.

Reading on, however, I was hurried to discover something more named. The

three dozen contributors (who include Madonna Yalowitz, Lorna Ann Dossart Johnson, Mary MacDonald) to the relatively unknown (Lisa M. Gorton, C. Papoutsis, Carole Salomon). Almost all of them write in an unadorned voice. Before I could work up much agitation over euphoric resolutions, there was Mary Jane Copp's powerful vision of how she and her siblings could not understand nor escape the realness of a damaged, alcoholic mother. And just when I started to equate as yet another story about husbands, babies or mothers (as if all women are connected in), Marjorie Robison offered a contemplation of single life, living, is she goes it, "140 degrees all to myself."

Other pieces tackle race, sexuality, class, religion and disability. But rather than the dialectic teachers are taught expect, the prose

is fresh and imaginative. For professor and poet Karen Kende, *Indigenous* while "sliding the red balls, all at once, to the other side of the ribbon. A satisfying, ducking sound—the sound of elephants falling differently." Barbara Deegan, a former Vancouver-area therapist undergoing cancer treatment, says going her highest hours is like the bad storm, "out there, long her presence be known, embracing." And reflecting on what, for years, "the third of glass in the pale corner of Toronto's early" suburban Michael Landberg recounts with wit, answering indignation her Grade One music teacher asking her to sing the words to the songs because "It was well known that Jews could not carry a tune."

The book's broad scope of stories and perspectives is intentional. The first volume—published in 2001 and, with an astonishing 80,000 copies sold, a feature on best-seller lists for more than a year—showed "predominantly middle class, Caucasian women," says Anderson. "I thought that line and open the process up to women whose work they didn't know, the and Shields, among other things, colored contributions for *Dropped Threads 2* on the Internet. In just two weeks, more than 300 women responded. Seven of them made the final cut.

While some women did cut lighter fare (Elizabeth Day's "Ten Beauty Tips You Never Asked For" and Papoutsis's "They Didn't Come with Instructions," for example), readers should prepare for a generally sober journey. Many stories are what Anderson calls "messages from survivors." *Survivor* isn't easy to both editors. Shields, whose novel, *Delusion*, is the reading for Brenna Orange Price, is very well-known cancer diagnosis in 1998. Anderson, a communications consultant who was Shields's colleague at the University of Manitoba for many years, lost a seven-year-old daughter, her first husband and a young niece to cancer.

"What we aren't told" is a theme that can be endlessly revisited. But the editors aren't yet planning *Dropped Threads 3*—although they've already received a handful of unsolicited submissions. It was the overwhelming response to the first book, says Anderson, that led them to compile the second. And they're making a new and new approach now. "It's sort of like sending a child out in the world," she says. "It'll go where it needs to go, and if it doesn't go anywhere, that's OK too." My guess is, this child has legs. ■

# The New Industrial Revolution

How Biotechnology is Helping to Transform the Canadian Economy

The revolution started quietly enough. On April 3, 1955, the prestigious British science journal *Nature* published a one-page submission from two young, unknown scientists. "We wish to suggest a structure for the salt of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA)." The paper began.

The scientists were James Watson and Francis Crick. And the "structure" they proposed was the now-famous double helix—the wedding staircase of interwoven chemicals that constitutes the heredity of all creatures great and small.

The paper did not create an immediate stir, but 50 years later, it's not too far-fetched to say it has changed everything—

from the way we view life on the planet to the way we use technology. After all, no one in 1955 ever suggested that knowing the helix sent us "to the Y chromosomes."

Over the next 50 years, scientists believe, our ability to understand and control the material of heredity will have far-reaching consequences. And even in the next decade or so, we can expect to see major changes in medicine, agriculture, pharmaceuticals—in fact, all aspects of life.

For instance, says University of Guelph entomologist Gord Seipen, a vocal advocate of biotechnology, we will shortly begin to see a new industrial revolution—based on plants.

"The 19th century economy was based on coal and the 20th century was based on oil and natural gas," says Seipen.



The 21st century is going to be based on carbon dioxide and water captured by plants and turned into products by the clever use of biotechnology.



"But the 21st century is going to be based on carbon dioxide and water" captured by plants and turned into products by the clever use of biotechnology, he says.

"What was all in the ground but carbon and hydrogen from plants and animals millions of years ago?" says Sargisson, who is also president of Genoma Agri-Food Technologies (GAPT), a non-profit biotechnology umbrella group.

For example, Colombia, Gen's Bova Corp., using research by University of Toronto chemical engineering professor David Hockaday, is planning what will be the world's largest bio-diesel plant, producing 60 million litres of oil a year.

The advantage of bio diesel, Sargisson says, is that it burns more cleanly than fossil fuels and can be made from a variety of plant and animal sources—renewable resources. (Recent federal and provincial budgets have severely reduced the taxes on bio-diesel, making the product even more competitive with fossil diesel fuel.)

The technology to make plastic or diesel fuel from plants is not really new, although there are novel techniques, what is new, Sargisson says, are plant varieties and more organisms that—thanks to biotechnology—are economically competitive with oil.

Essentially, "biotechnology is adding efficiency and flexibility to industrial applications that have been with us for some time," comments Art Stringer, an executive with the seed company Pioneer Hi-Bred Ltd. in Chatham, Ont., and a founder of the Council for Biotechnology Innovation, which tries to inform the public about the benefits of the technology.

"With biotechnology," Stringer says, "we are finding ways to develop seed products with higher levels of extractable starch or higher levels of oil content."

Those higher levels mean it's more economical to turn starch into bio-plastics and oil into fuel. As an example, Stringer notes that Pioneer's parent company, Delaware-based chemical giant

DuPont, is close to commercializing a process to make polyester cloth from corn, rather than petrochemicals.

For many people, Canadian biotechnology is synonymous with genetic engineering—mixing genes from one species and putting them into another. But that's just a tiny fraction of what the biotechnology industry does, says Janet Lambert, president of BIOTECanada, an industry association.

"We define biotechnology as using one living organism to modify another living organism," says Lambert, whose organization represents the biotechnology sector in Canada. The definition includes genetic engineering, but it also includes such traditional activities as making beer—using yeast to change grains into lager or ale.

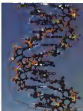
"This is a transformative technology," Lambert says. "It will improve our lives in ways we can't even imagine."

But, Lambert says, biotechnology is also modifying our economy. Canada has 393 biotech companies, with more than \$5 billion in revenue, and more than 65,000 employees. And we are, by some measures, the second largest biotech power in the world.

While it's hard to predict the future, the industry appears robust, says Willy Macdonald, president of Toronto Macdonald & Associates Ltd., which tracks venture capital investments in Canada. Over the past couple of years, despite relatively tough economic times, life sciences research has attracted between 95 and 100 per cent of all venture capital invested in Canada, she says—between \$500 million and \$1 billion a year. Says Macdonald: "You have to assume that it is finding something people expect to grow."

All of this genetic activity is based on DNA—a long, thin like molecule whose role in heredity was mysterious before Watson and Crick deciphered its structure. A single strand of DNA is composed of a backbone, made of a substance chemically akin to common sugars, strided with a sequence of four smaller molecular codes, called bases.

Genes are simply special sequences of bases that the cell can use to make other chemicals called proteins, which do the actual work of the living organism. Mimicking these proteins or modifying them is the basis of many new drugs.



In chromosomes, two backbones wind around each other, like the outside casing of a winding stairway, while the bases wrap together to form the "rungs." What Watson and Crick earned for the first time is that the bases can only link up in certain ways—so that if you have one strand, you can immediately read off what the other must be.

The whole story is complicated, but researchers—many of them Canadian—have, over the past five decades, teased out how to manipulate DNA. Michael Smolnik of the University of British Columbia, for example, won a Nobel prize for showing how to make a change in a single pair of bases. These so-called "point mutations" are the first step to making genetic alterations in DNA.

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But how do the genes fit into it? And what proteins do they make? And how do they work? These questions are the focus of the new sciences of genomics and proteomics, in which Canada is a respected player.

Right now, says biochemist Martin Godbout, Canada is in a good position—number two in the world in biotechnology overall in genomics and proteomics, he says, "we have very good indicators that Canada is getting very, very close to number four or three."

Godbout is president and CEO of Genome Canada, one of the main vehicles keeping Canada in this race. Genome Canada, a non-profit corporation, is the conduit for federal research money aimed at the DNA scientists over the past few years, the largest donation has leveraged \$580 million of federal taxpayers' money and matching outside funding.

The 58 projects that Genome Canada is supporting range from basic research to studies with a pay off that could be just down

the road. For example, Canada is playing a major role in three international consortia, aimed at understanding the variations and differences in genes, both in humans and in other creatures.

Eventually, Godbout says, these studies will have "a tremendous impact on disease," but for the moment, they're pure science.

On the other hand, Genome Atlantic is also biologist Barry Bell is working on the genome of the common potato.

The humble potato actually has very complicated genetics—four copies of every chromosome, whereas humans have only two. That makes traditional breeding hard, says Bell, whose \$3.5 million project is aimed at identifying 10,000-plus potato genes, so that breeders can take the guesswork out of the game and produce better plants.

In his lab at Quebec City's Laval University, endocrinologist Fernand Labrie is trying to create an "adren" that will map the effects of steroid hormones on living bodies.

The five strands under study are involved in diseases ranging from breast and prostate cancer to obesity, osteoporosis, cardiovascular disease, and even some psychiatric disorders, Labrie says. When the four-year, \$40-million project is complete, Labrie and his colleagues hope to know exactly how each of the five hormones works. "We are the first in the world to do it," he says.

And, on Burnaby Mountain in British Columbia, Simon Fraser University biochemist Willie Davidson is delving into the genome of the Atlantic salmon. The \$6 million project will probably have some practical applications—for such things as conservation, aquaculture, or breeding—but for Davidson, it's "lots of good, exciting science."

Name of the Genome Canada project aims at genetic modification, which has been a flashpoint in the discussion of biotechnology.



## PLANT BIOTECHNOLOGY: SOLUTIONS IN A SEED

Papaya farmers in Hawaii, cotton farmers in China, cassia farmers in Canada and soybean farmers in Argentina! These and other growers around the world are benefiting from agriculture made better by technology in a seed. Plant biotechnology is helping them grow more food and crops while protecting their land. And it will help them grow even better food and crops in the future.



NO WONDER that global plant crops of bioarch crops increased nearly 20 percent last year. While the best share of bioarch crops are produced in North America, more farmers in the developing world are being introduced to the benefits of genetically improved crops. Cassia farmers, for example, tripled their use of bioarch cotton in 2001.

Why the growth? Because these farmers are discovering that bioarch crops help them control weeds and insect pests, which allows more of their crop to be harvested.

While bioarch cotton has led the way in countries like China and South Africa, there's even more excitement about the benefits this new technology can bring to staple food crops grown for survival in the developing world.

"Plant biotechnology is a science that has more to offer the developing world than the developed world," says G.S. Prakash, a native of India who directs the Center for

Plant Biotechnology Research at Tuskegee University in Alabama.

Recently, the International Society of Africa Scientists issued a statement calling agricultural biotechnology a "major opportunity" to enhance food production in Africa, the Caribbean and other developing areas.

**BETTER FOOD FOR BETTER NUTRITION**  
Research is also underway to improve the nutritional and medicinal value of food in the developing world.

Researchers are currently working to build a vaccine from banana for hepatitis B, a deadly disease that affects some 300 million people worldwide. Traditional vaccines require refrigeration and sophisticated equipment that is expensive and scarce in the developing world. The edible vaccine could be delivered in as little as 2 cups a dose vs. \$125 for conventional treatment.

Researchers are also working to

build a gene into rice that produces more beta-carotene, a precursor to vitamin A. Worldwide, an estimated 100 million to 140 million children suffer from vitamin A deficiency, which can lead to illness and death. Up to half a million children worldwide go blind each year due to vitamin A deficiency, according to the World Health Organization.

New varieties of high protein corn are being developed that could help alleviate chronic protein deficiencies that affect still more children in parts of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

These are just a few of the bioarch products that may enhance health and quality of life for people in the developing world. Although the technology is new, the concepts behind the improvements is centuries old. As Hippocrates, the Greek physician who's known as the father of modern medicine, said in 400 B.C., "Let food be your medicine and medicine be your food."

WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT SAVING A CROP FROM A VIRUS HELPED SAVE A COMMUNITY FROM DISASTER?



Through advancements in biotechnology, researchers developed a type of papaya that is resistant to a virus which was destroying Hawaii's crops. This hardier plant not only kept Hawaiian farming communities in business, it also resulted in an increase in papaya production. And it's just one example of how crops enhanced by biotechnology could one day help feed an ever-increasing world population. The research is ongoing and the facts are there to be examined.

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Don't you ever modified food crops is a privilege of the well-fed, says Kenyan researcher Florence Wanjugu (near right), who is trying to use genetic modification to introduce agronomic traits into food crops native to Africa.



The problem, says Roy Howing, executive director of the Council for Biotechnology Information, has been that "we're sensitive about food"—and most of the improvements to crops aren't obvious to consumers. Instead, they are so-called "agronomic traits," such as resistance to pests or herbicides.

Even the next generation of genetically modified crops, Howing says, is likely to appeal more to farmers than to consumers—they'll be resistant to drought, for instance, or able to grow on salt-damaged land.

Don't you ever modified food crops is a privilege of the well-fed, says Kenyan researcher Florence Wanjugu, who is trying to use genetic modification to introduce some of those agronomic traits into food crops native to Africa.

There, she says, farmers and consumers are usually the same people, so they'll appreciate the value of a crop that doesn't need high-tech chemical pest or weed control.

"If the technology is in the seed—resistance to a virus or a weevil—we can reach our farmers," says Wanjugu, author of *Modifying Africa: How Biotechnology Can Benefit the Poor and Hungry*.

But most of the biotech action—scientifically and economically—remains in the developed world.

In Canada, the biotechnological sciences tend to cluster around top universities, but there are also smaller outposts of biotech almost everywhere in Canada, according to Industry Canada. For instance, the University of Guelph is the centre of a hub of agricultural biotech in Ontario, but there are also dozens of companies

and academic researchers working in Saskatoon and Winnipeg.

Genome Canada has five regional genome centres—in B.C., the Prairies, Ontario, Quebec, and the Atlantic provinces. The organization has \$275 million in federal money, which it must match with outside dollars.

As Mary McDonald points out, private companies poured \$495 million into the sector last year and provincial governments are committing money and resources, as well. In Quebec, for instance, the provincial government offers tax credits for research and development, as well as income tax holidays for foreign researchers.

The result of those and other initiatives, according to Investissement Québec, the province's development agency, is that Quebec has 40 per cent of Canada's genomics companies, Montreal is the third most important region for health biotech companies in North America, and the province generated 65 per cent of Canadian venture capital investments in the life sciences in 2000.

Despite that, the main stumbling block for biotechnology in Canada right now, says BIOTECanada's Lambert, remains lack of money.

"We have exciting science, we have excellent research and development," Lambert says. "We have to ensure that we have the right environment for all that to come to fruition" over the next few decades.

Biotechnology has had dramatic effects on humanity in the past 50 years, but the future holds even more promises, researchers say. "This is probably one of the most exciting eras in biology that one could ever imagine," says Simon Fraser's Davidson. ■

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## THINK AGAIN!

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Visit [nature.ca](http://nature.ca) for exhibition tour schedule.



The GEE! in GENOME, a national, traveling exhibition, runs from April 25 to September 1 at the Canadian Museum of Nature in Ottawa. This innovative exhibition is produced by the Canadian Museum of Nature and presented nationally by Genome Canada, in partnership with the Canadian Institute of Health Research.

In September, the exhibition will begin a three-year cross-Canada tour, starting at Science World in Vancouver. For a list of venues visit [www.genomecanada.ca/exhibition](http://www.genomecanada.ca/exhibition) or [www.cihr.ca](http://www.cihr.ca)

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History >

These remains are still scattered beneath the jangle of boulders visible to this day to anyone travelling through the Crownest Pass when the snow melts the ground.

The actual death count might be even higher. Another 50 or more men were said to have pitched camp on the valley bottom days before the slide while they looked for work in town. Most went missing, known to no one but each other. Some sawnlogs said later that the men may have left just before April 26. If not, they, too, are surely buried at the base of Turtle Mountain.

Many others escaped almost certain death because of the heroism of one man. Sid Choquet was the brakeman on a freight train that had just left empty coal cars near the mine when the slide struck. Realizing that the Spokane River, a passenger train, was due in from LeMoyne in an hour, Choquet scrambled for two kilometres over jagged boulders as big as houses. Crying through the dust-filled devices, he could have been killed many times over by the rocks that continued to fall from the mountain. Choquet reached the other side just in time to flag down the flyer before it would have plowed another lives into rubble.

Among the passengers was Field's great uncle, Herb Kowat. He later described in a letter how Choquet's "arms were pretty much gone when he reached us." For his efforts, the CPR presented the brakeman with a \$25 cheque and a letter of commendation.

Most of Frank, including his business and residential areas, occupied the slide's wrath. As in the case of his own, the railroad had created a sea of women's cottages, randomly killing some of the occupants while sparing others. Like the Leish family shortly afterwards on April 26, a mass party killed through the rubble of their three-room cottage. In one spot, they found two young girls, Jesse and Rose Mary, pinned on a bed, with a nail legible among the wreckage—both of them reportedly unharmed. Elsewhere in the house, their parents and four brothers lay dead. Their baby sister, Marion, had been flying from the house and landed safely in a lake of fire. Her story inspired the tragedy's most enduring myth. The Mt. Asgard rockfall had wiped out the entire town, save for one little girl, dubbed "Frankie Slide," who, according to various accounts, was found alive on a rock, unable to get up, or off, in an attic, a piece of debris or whether dead mother's arm. Field still marvels at the cruel irony of



Trapped coal miners emerged to find their cottages gone, their wives and kids killed

that day. She claims the Clark household, Alex Clark was one of the three miners who died while on their lunch break. His wife and six of their children were crushed to death in the family cottage. The wife was just 13-year-old Lilian, who worked at the Frank boarding house and who, for the first time, had her mother's permission to sleep on town that night. Then there's William Whittington, one of the trapped miners, who had to be lifted out on a plank because he fractured his leg while digging to freedom. Whittington emerged only to discover his wife and seven children had perished in the slide. "Whittington went on to marry and have other children," says Field. "But I don't think you ever get over something like that."

Right after the slide, the residents of Frank were evacuated by train. The weekend month, most returned and the mine reopened. Mining operations ceased for good in 1938 and the town, which today has a population of about 100, became a bedroom community for other working mines in the region. In recent years, it has also become something of a tourist attraction. The provincial Park Slide Interpretive Centre, which opened in 1985, draws about 93,000 visitors annually.

Geologists say a combination of factors caused the Frank Slide. Tremors in the ar-

herent instability of Turtle Mountain, which continues to experience rock falls every spring. An earthquake struck off the Mount Asgard in 1961 and though it has placed added stress on the mountain, it did the coal mining operation that opened shortly thereafter. "Weather may have also played a role. In March 1910, the region experienced heavy snowfalls, followed by unusually high temperatures in late April. On the night of the slide, a cold snap hit. It's likely that melt-water created fissures at the top of the mountain, then froze and expanded the cracks. That may have provided the final trigger."

While the 1910 slide moved from Turtle Mountain's north peak, overlooking the town of Frank, geologists now believe a second major rock fall in more recent history occurred on the mountain's south peak. There are nine houses in the direct path of such a slide, five of them built prior to 1935. Living in one are retired miner Ray Luzzurno, 71, and his wife Eda, 68. The Luzzurnos, who enjoy a spectacular view of the Crownest Pass from behind their three-bedroom house, like to sleep over the prospect of another major rock slide. "I know a lot of people say they would never live where we do," says Ray. "But to me, it's beautiful here, and I love it." The Mountain that Moves has its charms, not all of them deadly.

## Tell us about the local heroes in your community

The July issue of *Maclean's* will feature our 17th annual Honour Roll. This issue features profiles of 19 Canadians who have made an important difference to our country. Previous honorees include such distinguished Canadians as Robertson Davies, Robert Borden, Robert LeMay and Diana Krall.

We invite you, our readers, to submit nominations for the 2003 Honour Roll, including testimonials of 50 words or less. To be eligible, candidates must be Canadian citizens who made a significant contribution to the life of the nation in the past 12 months.

*Maclean's* seeks people from a wide variety of fields, from the well known to the quiet heroes. There is only one restriction—those who are involved professionally in politics.



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ROGERS

Tribute | BY KEN MCKENZIE

## THE HOCKEY NEWSMAN

Ken McKenzie ignored the skeptics and built a publication that became the bible of its sport

Since its 1947 inception, the *Hockey News* has been essential reading for hard-core fans. Ken McKenzie, its co-founder and long-time publisher, died recently in an Ontario hospital. His son, John, a New York-based correspondent with ABC News, wrote this tribute to his father and his achievements.

AS A BOY, I'd often approach my father with details of my latest plan: some sports team I would join, or job I would apply for. Each time his response was the same: "Don't talk about it. Do it. In every bar, in every city in the country, there's someone talking about what he's going to do. Successful people are the ones out there doing it." That was the way my dad lived his life. It was how he—along with Will Coste—started the *Hockey News* in 1947; the paper that came to be known as the bible of hockey.

After the Second World War, Ken's father, who had sometimes, who grew up in Winnipeg, moved to Montreal, where he got a job as a sportsman for the *Globe*. Within months, he approached the new president of the National Hockey League, Clarence Campbell, and suggested that the league needed a full-time publicity director. Campbell gave him the job, and more. For Ken, whose father had died in his early 50s, Campbell became a surrogate parent. "Mr Campbell probably gave me more good advice than anyone in my life," he once said.

Campbell supported my father's dream of starting a newspaper devoted exclusively to hockey. It had never been tried before and most people predicted it would fail. They argued that the topic was too limited, the season too short and, most of all, "what could you put in the publication that you can't get on a daily newspaper?" But Ken was determined. He and Coste put down \$183.81 for printing and paper costs, and the *Hockey News* was born. From there, he added hockey magazines, a fortnightly paper, radio and TV shows—while still working as the full-time NHL publicity director. Ken took moonlighting to new heights.



More than anything, he wanted to be in the Hockey Hall of Fame—and he made it

He loved the sport of the deal. Ken was once told by a list maker that if he could get several NHL players to pose in front of a door, he could get into the St. Louis Cardinals. Ken drove to a hotel in Montreal where the Chicago Blackhawks were staying and rounded up Bobby Hull, Chico Maki, Stan Mikita, Glen Hall and Pierre Pilote. He put them in his car, drove them to a studio, had the pictures taken, and collected his fee. That night, as he was telling me the story, I was wide-eyed. "Dad, you had the Chicago Blackhawks franchise in your car."

"That's right," he said. "And let me tell you, I drove very, very carefully."

In 1973 dad sold majority interest in the paper, but stayed on as publisher. He said his final goodbye to the *Hockey News* in 1981. He was financially secure, but not completely sane; after anything, he wanted to be in the Hockey Hall of Fame. Some people complained that Ken had become a bit of a hothead. Often grumbled that the paper had been too kind to team owners. I looked at and thought he would be denied. Then, in 1997, the 50th anniversary of the *Hockey News*, people at the paper and some long-time friends on the selection committee made one last push. At 74, Ken saw his dream become reality.

There is a picture of my father taken at his induction, wheelchair-bound in the podium, arms outstretched, face drenched, wearing this big, beautiful smile. Every time I see it, I think back to what he told me as a boy: "Don't talk about it—do it." He did. ■

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## FLYING IN CYBERSPACE

So you want to buy airline tickets on the Web? Be ready to think fast, type faster.

"WE DON'T" get a discount from airlines anymore so we have to charge customers a user fee," the agent again tells me. "Your best bet is to call the airline directly. Or if you have Internet access you can just book on-line."

While I appreciated her honesty, what I really wanted was the good old-fashioned service I used to get without that extra fee I paid for to deal with people online rather than in line form, but it's becoming painfully obvious that this customer service is going the way of the 52¢ Bell. Don't wait for a teller when you can bank on-line. Your success is up! While you're waiting for the next available agent you can go to the CAA Web site to book a more quickly. Want more tickets? Don't stand in line, book on-line. You get the picture. To be honest, I'm actually very comfortable using the Internet, having linked up to the World Wide Web over a decade ago. So I figured this would be easy. Boy, was I ever wrong.

The first thing I learned about booking flights on-line is you need tons of time and nerves of steel. High-speed Internet access is a must and the entire process requires more concentration than driving through rush-hour traffic. Hit the wrong key and you'll be flying to Miami in March instead of Halifax in May. And most flights are non-refundable, so be sure the airline's web page is into their beds to avoid any distractions.

The Internet has revolutionized travel sites but, taken from me, they don't know every thing. If you go to one of the most popular sites—Expedia.com—and ask for flight information from London, Ont., to Edmonton, you'll find lots of flights available via Air Canada. What Expedia doesn't tell you is that Westjet also offers flights. So I decided to go directly to the airlines' Web sites to find the best deal.

I went to one site and keyed in my date and destination and printed out the results. Then I did the same on the other airline site. Going over the information I decided I'd take one airline to Edmonton and return home on the other. I flipped back to the

first airline Web site but the information had "moved out," Internet slang for "outta luck, my agent." So I opened a second screen and bounced back and forth between the two airlines. Still not fast enough. Both closed out. I'd have to book each one separately.

Another quick lesson—good prices can be deceiving. His Continue and the next screen reveals the exact and other fees. The so-called discount airline is now about the same price as the other one.

Once you decide on your flight, you have to key in all your personal information. Did I emphasize this word *key*? Here's where those Grade 7 typing classes come in handy. When I finally finished, I was told that if I didn't want to input my credit card number, I could not and so never the phone. After an hour on-line? As if. Oh, and it'll cost more to talk to a real person.

So I talk with my agent. His Continue and book that flight. Well, not quite. The next message tells me that I need a personal identification number to become a member of the frequent flyer program. Doesn't matter that I don't fly frequently. Without that little PIN,



I can't book the flight. Get to screen number 22—or was that 34?

I repeat all that personal information again (yes, it doesn't automatically transfer from screen A to B). Pick a password. Then input a question and answer so that if I forget my password, I'll be asked that special question. Answer it correctly and my password will drop into my e-mail box. I repeat the usual question: "What is my mother's maiden name?" Then the answer list says it has to be at least six letters. Try again.

An hour and a half later and it's time to finalize the flight. However, there's no way to verify the flight information. If I try to go back I'll lose everything. If I hesitate for too long I'll be timed out and have to start all over again. If I sweat my more my fingers will slip off the keyboard. I hit Continue to move on.

Oops! Apparently, 12 screens or so ago, I chose vegetarian meals under my user profile preferences. But in the screen I'm told that I can't choose a special meal and close to the flight date. Go back one screen, remove the request, and hit Continue—again.

Warning! Will Robinson! I shouldn't have input my PIN. The one I got a few screens back to confirm that I'll soon be a member of the frequent flyer program. The one that I had to have to book this flight. The airline needs 48 hours to confirm the member. Go back and remove it. Hit Continue again—and ask myself why I just wasted half an hour providing all that information for a number I can't even use.

Time to sign off. Ah! I sure I want to do that! Do I have the right flight? Oh! Time? Date? Heck, it's two hours later. I could have flown there by now. My head is throbbing and the screen is beginning to blur. I don't care if I booked a flight to Hong Kong in 2010. Just let me out of here!

A few minutes later an electronic airline ticket slides into my e-mail in box. This is what I'm supposed to use to board the aircraft? What happened so that nicely typed message my travel agent used to staple to the front of the airline ticket envelope? Where's the ticket with the perforated strip? Will I actually see a real person when I board the plane or will it be an acceptance? Are there any real people out there? Can anyone hear me? HELLO?

Suzanne Bolles is a freelance writer in London, Ont. To contact her, write to Suzanne Bolles.

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A side profile view of a silver Honda CR-V SUV. The vehicle is shown from the side, facing left. It features a boxy design typical of the early 2000s, with a prominent front grille, large headlights, and a roof rack. The wheels are multi-spoke alloy rims. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

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## CLOSING NOTES



**PEOPLE | 64**  
A police but grumpy traveller  
With some gentle convincing, Michael Peña leaves the fans behind for a bit of Abbey Cadogan



**MUSIC | 66**  
A Monseigneur's medical musings  
Maybe it's that special bond between twins. Six years after Alexei followed his twin brother Andre to the land was destined to visit the song 'Thank U, Waitin' is now venturing into the music business. No pop for him though—his CD will be yep, chanting



### Places | Science among the dunes of Sable Island

Life on Sable Island isn't what it used to be. The narrow, windwept spit of sand located 300 km east of Halifax is known as "the Graveyard of the Atlantic." However, Gerry Forbes, who spends 11 months a year on the 42 km long and 1.5 km wide island, sounds like the owner of a quiet B&B. "We've got telephones, cable television and high-speed Internet," explains the operations manager at Sable's Volunteer station who has worked there on and off since 1994. "Not everybody can hack it. But it's nothing like the old days."

These days started in 1998 when a dejected French seafarer unloaded 480 \$9.50-coverters on the sand dunes in an ill-conceived attempt to farm a colony. All but 11 died before the survivors were relocated.

the 1998 supply ship *Corwin* stayed well off the dangerous shoals

**FORESIGHT**  
Sable Island has up to 100 wild horses. They are the descendants of animals brought in during settlement attempts in 1777 and 1780



Since 1804, a hardy few have remained the island's life-saving stations—more than 250 ships have wrecked on the island's shoals. Then there are the scientists today. In addition to Forbes, Sable has four government employees studying wildlife, sand dunes and marine and air pollution. Also living there is Zoe Lucas, the legendary independent wildlife biologist who has spent 30 years studying Sable's environment and its few hundred wild horses (Nova Scotia and Nova Scotia are currently squabbling over the island's \$1 million annual operating bill.)

For now, Forbes says the challenging research and protecting Sable's fragile ecosystem makes up for the North Atlantic norm and the six-week isolation zone. "It's nice knowing you're part of something that stretches back more than 200 years," he says. Even when the nearest Tim Hortons is two-hour drive away. **JOHN GUNENT**

### Listings | Step by step

**R&C Annual Dance Competition**  
May 4, 96  
More than 200 amateur dancers will compete for \$54,000 in prizes at this Performing Arts Centre event. For more information, contact founder **Teena Macdonald** at [teena@rnc.ca](mailto:teena@rnc.ca) or **France Dupont**, R&C.

**Practical Up: Comedy by the Sea**  
May 4, 2003, 7 p.m.  
Sable Island, a group of artists living with breast cancer who compete in a high heel race around Sable Island, will put on a fundraising comedy show at the **Blackfoot Inn**. [www.blackfoot.com/calgary.com](http://www.blackfoot.com/calgary.com)  
Calgary

**Mineral Health: Time Up 2003**  
May 6-7  
During national Mineral Health Week, a public education forum and community resource fair at the CBC will feature exhibits and lectures on topics such as stress and balancing work and family. [www.mineralhealthforum.ca](http://www.mineralhealthforum.ca)  
Toronto

**Wild Wings**  
Until July 15  
Dufferin Art Gallery shows the work of 17 artists who explore the theme of working with various media including painting and video. [www.dufferin.ca/gallery/Hallier](http://www.dufferin.ca/gallery/Hallier)



### People | From *Monty Python* to travelling man

It's odd to hear Michael Palin, a man who made his career largely by playing characters with speech impediments, talk without stutter or lisp. Even more jarring is to find the comedian in a grumpy mood. He wants to talk about his recent projects, the BBC television travel series-turned book, *Solaris*. When he doesn't want to talk about *Solaris* (*Monty Python*), being serious (in personal life) or being funny (he expects him to crack jokes). However, Palin is British, and therefore unfailingly polite. "I love it when people remember *Python*," he says. "Specially, I get a bit irritated when people shout, 'Do a silly walk,' across the street."

The trouble is, the 59-year-old actor is

too well known. Parade *Python* and his an ageing k-k-k Ken in *A Pink Cloud* (Wanda, Palin's travel documentary and book) are hugely popular (*Solaris*, for example, drew on average over eight million viewers in Britain). And travelling is a passion for Palin. "It's good to go to places where I've not been," he says. "What I enjoy most is sitting in a corner watching the world go by."

Eventually, Palin can't help himself—the dark mood dissipates and he reveals a bit of the innermost *Python* within. He turns to party talk. "I've got better at crouching," he says of his travels in Third World countries. "I'd like to write a magazine called *Hole in the Ground*."

AMY CAMERON

### DVDs | Cinematic magic

**HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS** Heiligh! Heiligh! McGonagall can access the special features on this release without having to solve the frustrating series of security puzzles that plagued the first *Harry Potter* DVD. Now a lack of the remote will reveal extras, including cut



scenes, an interview with author J.K. Rowling and a tour of Hogwarts. Lookout! spoilers! The additional extras, however, are superficial, geared toward young audiences and devoid of anything interesting to adults.

### SPIRITED AWAY

The Oscar-winning Japanese animation from the renowned Studio Ghibli is spellbinding, and the DVD has some delightful treats. There are interviews with the actors who dubbed the English version of the film (including Seaweed Pineapple and Jason Mewshaw) and a Japanese TV special that offers a glimpse behind the



making of the movie with director-writer Hayao Miyazaki. For the visually inclined, there is the added bonus of watching the 126-minute film via Miyazaki's original storyboard, without any animation.

### BLACK SWAN

The silver screen debut of ballet singer-singer writer Natalie Portman is choppy but the low-budget comic murder mystery filmed over 18 days in St. Martin's, N.E. has several redeeming factors—stunning vistas of the Bay of Fundy and



a fabulous performance by Portman's costar, Michael Miloy. The TV's *Power Play* The DVD also boasts the video for Portman's hit single, "Salute to the King," and a series of hilarious outtakes.

### OTHER NOTABLE RELEASES

The perennially derisive comedy *Durham County* starring Nick Carraway, the two-day *Prattville* Anthology, and the first two seasons of *Seaweed* (a special comedy Family Guy).

AMY CAMERON AND PATRICIA FREILE



## WATCH A NEW GENERATION HIT THEIR STRIDE

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Marc Gagnon, 2002 Gold Medalist, Speed Skating Montreal, Quebec

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"It's good to go to places where I'm not known. What I enjoy most is sitting in a corner watching the world go by."



## Music | The spiritual musings of another Morissette

Alaina's twin brother, Wade, plans to throw Morissette's plans to head into a Vancouver studio late this summer to record his first CD. The 28-year-old has few illusions that he's much of a threat to his mega-selling younger sister's career. "It's definitely a less commercial path," he cheerfully concedes. Morissette is an enthusiast of Ritesan, devotional yoga chanting. The fact that most of the self-titled CD will be in Sanskrit, the ancient Indian language, might also limit its commercial path, but, hey, you never know.

To go in now perceived by some 30 million North Americans, says Morissette. He hopes the CD will open opportunities for him to

travel and perform. Right physical fitness have spiritual growing around in its musical and meditative aspects, too. "Karma is a New Age opportunity for people to gather spiritually to celebrate, but without it being religious," says Morissette, the director and founder of the Shanti Yoga Centre in Vancouver. "Yoga seems very natural and open about who's coming to it."

Morissette left his Ottawa hometown 10 years ago, where the time he spent practicing was where in yoga, which he studied in California and India. Alaina may have written the indie-inspired hit Thank U, but it was Wade's fascination with the country that

Alaina's twin brother, Wade, plans to throw Morissette in his own yoga-jazz Chanting

down bar there in 1997. "I was always telling Alaina how great India is," he says. "She got my mom, my aunt and a couple of her girlfriends together and we met there and travelled a bit. She came with kind of a pose of goddesses. It was great."

Morissette made yoga for helping turn the redneckness of his roots into an adult "cherry." He thinks India appeared similar feelings for his sister. "Because we're naive, I think we share a lot of common interests," he says. "In her own right, she's also very spiritual, just the path of the spirituality is a little different."

BY N. MAQUEDON

## Books | Two languages, two literatures, two histories

Beside the importance of literature to culture, it's hardly surprising that the nation's two cultures are separated by a particularly wide gap when it comes to fiction. Fiction and readers' discussion could now even better to explain they mean writing in English? Translations from one official language into the other have been infrequent, and a native speaker of the target actually writing in the other is almost unheard of. All the more reason to welcome Anne Sabarwal's beguiling *Where the River Knows* (HarperCollins). The author, wife of journalist Kevin Tibbles, has lived across Canada, and writes in free-flowing, effortless English. Her novel, a warm-hearted family saga, provides a cue—for Anglo-Canadians into Quebec history.



## BESTSELLERS

### Fiction

	PREVIOUS LAST WEEK
1. <i>THE REMAINS</i> , Barbara Kingsolver (C)	1
2. <i>THE LUNAR SOLAR</i> , Anne Lawrence (D)	2
3. <i>UNLESS</i> , David Shields (C)	3
4. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	4
5. <i>THE HUNTING OF THE WIND</i> , Walter Johnson (C)	5
6. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	6
7. <i>THE SONGS OF THE WIND</i> , Barry Swenson (C)	7
8. <i>CHRONICLES OF THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	8
9. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	9
10. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	10

### Non-fiction

1. <i>THE SONGS OF THE WIND</i> , Barry Swenson (C)	1
2. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	2
3. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	3
4. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	4
5. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	5
6. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	6
7. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	7
8. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	8
9. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	9
10. <i>THE WIND</i> , John Updike (C)	10

11 Weeks on list  
Continued on page 10

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## JOINED IN JIHAD?

It's not fun being a Muslim anymore, either at home or in the Islamic world

**FROM NOW ON,** I've decided to wear a sign slung from my neck that reads "Adnan R. Khan, non Muslim." At the risk of sounding like, "It's not fun being a Muslim anymore, either at home or in the Islamic world. I had definitely considered wearing a 'sold' or 'out of stock' sign instead of 'non Muslim,' but I felt the word was misleading. After all, 'fidelity' is an integral part of who I am, Islam is not, at least not the Islam peddled across television screens, and definitely not the Islam accounting for tribulation against the 'evil invader' of Iraq."

My parents are probably cringing after reading that. So for their sake, and for the record, I must stress that I am not an Islam. I'm proud of my Islamic heritage. Really, I regularly read works by the 13th century Muslim visionary, Rumi, and travel back to Pakistan whenever I can. I've even started to appreciate the immense cultural value of Yosemite National Park. It's the message that galls me. There's no escaping them these days, even in Islamic countries like Turkey where I am now, and I had hoped to blend into the background. Especially in Islamic nations, actually, where being a Muslim in these trying times automatically aligns you with the escalating command hatred sweeping across the Arab world against the West. The hope is straightforward: you're brown and you have an Arabic name, therefore you must hate the West.

"Adnan? Ah, a Muslim! Down with Bush!" The refrain has become a bad song haunting my sleepless nights. Worse still, it's not even confined to my head. (If it were only so simple.) I hear it everywhere I go, from Malaysia to Turkey: grizzly old Muslim men chiding my tender cheeks with a flurry of abuse, university students embracing me as a brother, for no other reason than an appellation over which I had no control. And since the onset of war in Iraq, the elements has intensified.

Paradoxically, the growing sense of unity rising from the ashes of disharmony is the most unsettling consequence of the current

conflict in Iraq. As the chasm between the West and Islam continues to widen, the internal divisions that have plagued Muslims shrink proportionally. Shiite and Sunni have never been so agreeable with each other, Kurdish factions in northern Iraq fight side by side after nearly a decade of intersecting warfare, and for crisscross Muslim identity self, simply looking the part is as good as a pass-go card. "Welcome to the club."

At this rate, whether derisive and peaceful Sufi mystics, some of whom live in the hollowed-out tombs of trees in Pakistan, will soon be heading to Iraq for a piece of the action. Already, according to reports, Arabs from other countries have slipped into Iraq, many of them suicide bombers determined to blast themselves and anyone else nearby to smithereens.

The call to jihad against the West echoes throughout the Muslim world, travelling as far as Indonesia, where more than 20,000 men have reportedly lined up to volunteer for a chance at martyrdom in Iraq. Muslims everywhere demand all Muslims fulfill their duty to Islam: "Kill the infidels where they



stand," they often shout in their sermons to an audience increasingly receptive to that angry message.

Sadly, these so-called Islamists: leaders have failed to recognize that alliances based on mutual hatred are always precarious at best. Western culture is nowhere near its end, and one has to wonder whether Muslims unity can endure the calm after the storm. Will the stereotype of the "evil" West carry any currency once the clouds of war have dissipated? The hearts and minds of Muslims are in a state of flux, easily swept by entangling plots and distressing images coming from the front war in Iraq. For the moment, any non-Muslim is suspect, but solicitation has a tendency to evaporate in a dream of peace.

As a Canadian, I feel one step removed from the fray. But there are times when I feel addled by the responsibilities imposed on me by my Muslim heritage. On the one hand, there's the pressure of correcting the misconceptions circulating about Islam in the Western consciousness. On the other, I've become increasingly disenchanted by the myths perpetuated about Western culture in the Islamic world.

I've fallen victim to racial profiling since 9/11 in Canada, but I've also witnessed firsthand the same sort of profiling of Westerners by Muslims. Am I expected to justify choices of anti-American sentiment, to despise that war for such a long time toward Islam? All because I have an Arabic name? The reality is I view the conflict as its political and economic dimensions. Does that make me anti-Islam?

It's all a bit confusing, really. I'd like to think I can play a role bridging the gap between the West and the Muslim world, but I find myself frustrated by the complete lack of openness to the Western perspective in Islamic culture—just as frustrated as I am with the inaccurate pictures being painted by the West of Muslims. There are times I wish I really could disappear into the background, become a non entity, but the battle lines have been drawn and I'm told I must pick a side. "No real Muslim will abandon his brother in this time of need," Newcastle, a British Muslim in Turkey, told me. Real or not, I think I'll get to work on that sign.

Adam R. Khan is a filmmaker who is currently on assignment for Al Jazeera. [response@adamr.com](mailto:response@adamr.com)

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